

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

[SIXPENCE.]

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

ANTWERP, August 10.

THE legal difficulty which, according to Lord Campbell, surrounds the question of the Sovereign's absence from the Realm, a solution has been given by her Majesty, in the most effectual manner. Almost while the great lawyers were debating whether the Queen could go or not—she had gone; and ere the country was fully acquainted with all the arguments against her Majesty leaving England without a Regency, the Royal standard was flying on the Scheldt, and the Royal foot pressing the soil of Germany.

Her Majesty arrived at Antwerp this evening, after a passage less favourable than those it has been her good fortune, generally, to experience. On this occasion, the skies were

somewhat unpropitious, and the waves "lifted their heads"—we hope, in exultation, rather than rebellion, beneath their Queen; but, to dispense with metaphor, the sea was as disagreeable a one as a voyager could cross, and not at all improved by the cold sky, and that heavy rain, of which we have of late had so much, and of which we are sorry to see the fertile and well-cultivated fields of Belgium exhibit the disastrous effects, in vast tracts of reaped corn which cannot be gathered—the shocks standing thick and close, but plainly showing that this abundance is even now deteriorated in quality.

We have elsewhere given details of her Majesty's arrival at Antwerp. The Royal yacht passed Ostend about one o'clock, and reached its destination between five and six in the evening. She was anxiously expected by the inhabitants; but their curiosity to see the Majesty of England will not be gratified till to-morrow morning, when she lands, and immediately proceeds to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne.

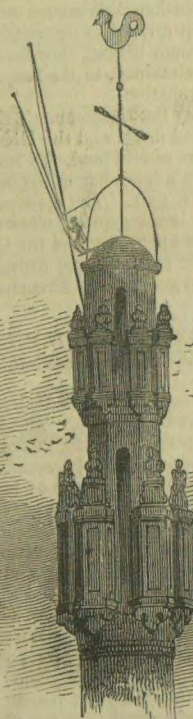
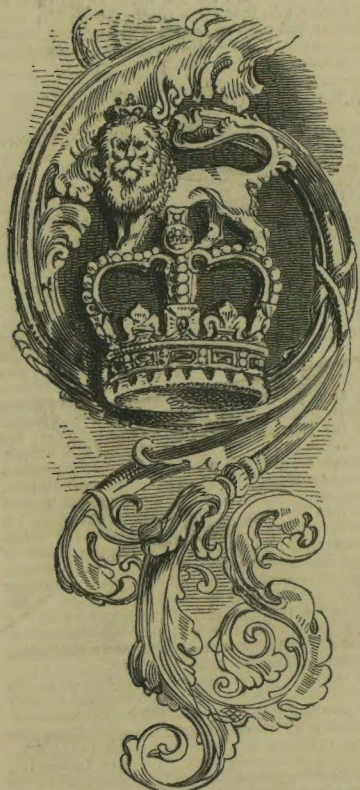
The interest is of course concentrated upon the points her Majesty will visit, and pass through; off the route there are no indications of a Royal progress, and an assembly of crowned heads; the great rush, it is anticipated, will be at Coblenz and Stolzenfels, and alarming rumours are in circulation as to the tariff of food and lodgings; impossible prices are talked of for both, and no doubt, those who take in the stranger on both banks of the Rhine, look forward to a profitable wind-up of the touring season; they will, pluck the flight of birds doubtless, and in some cases, at discretion, as the custom is with innkeepers all the world over; but knowing what occurs at home in an assize town with a calendar containing a good murder or some especial atrocity—aware of what occurs in our watering places, and in the provincial locality favoured with a visit from the British Association—it is not for an Englishman to be too loud in accusation of German acquisitiveness, even if it should verge upon extortion. These things, too, are apt to be exaggerated: Antwerp is full certainly; but, as a well-packed trunk will always hold something more if one tries, a good inn has great internal capabilities if skilfully developed. The Hotel St. Antoine looks even now as if it could lodge and feed a regiment; and though *Chambres à deux lits* are in requisition, no one is driven to the choice of two chairs or the coffee-room floor, which was obligingly offered us at Dover. By going farther, one does not always fare worse, and so it may prove in the present case; and as for eating, the Germans are a careful race, who dine copiously and with exceeding regularity; there is little fear of famine, unless "one spirit" of the bread-denying Bishop Hatto, should hover round his ruined tower on the Rhine.

Preparations are making all along the line of road her Majesty will pass, for those welcomings which appeal to the eye, and which the Germans arrange with admirable skill and taste: triumphal arches are being erected across the railroad in many places; be-

tween Antwerp and Malines, better known by its German name, Mechlin, from the beauty of its lace manufacture, there is a large and handsome one, the first of a series. The reception at Aix-la-Chapelle is to be very grand, with martial music enough to waken all the echoes round the tomb of Charlemagne; the roll of five hundred drums—the number fixed on by report—cannot but be worth hearing, even at the risk of its leaving no sense of hearing to survive.

From Antwerp to Cologne, the railway is two hundred and twenty miles—a long stretch of steam and iron; we believe her Majesty never tested such a journey, in one trip—in England. Every arrangement is made to ensure speed, safety, and comfort; the whole line through Belgium is in the hands of the Government, which is also a large shareholder in that portion of it which passes through the Prussian territory. This immediate control on the part of the Government seems very well applied, and occasions some peculiarities in the management of the details, which cannot fail to strike an Englishman strongly; we might borrow some hints from them with advantage: in the first place, the fares are low compared with ours; in the luxuriously fitted first-class carriages, the cost of conveyance from Ostend to Antwerp, is no more than a penny per mile; they do not attempt such speed as that of our express trains on the Great Western and Birmingham lines; but it is equal to that of many of our companies, while the motion is smoother and more agreeable than that on several we could mention. There are other things an Englishman cannot reconcile himself to so easily; the military regime is everywhere visible; there are soldiers on duty at the stations, and all the officials are in uniform—the State being the proprietary. The guards and engineers wear green, and carry a horn, very jauntily slung over their shoulder, looking something as Robin Hood might have done in regimentals. The horn is blown before starting, by the man at the head of the train, and is answered by the same notes, blown by his fellow in the rear. We have been so used to associate the horn with the spanking team of horses, that its music, when made the signal to put brass and iron in motion, jars oddly on old ideas. But the practice is a good one; the sound is always clearly heard, and is more agreeable than the scream of the whistle, which is here reserved for other occasions, and is better than the "all right," which may not be heard, or not attended to, and, with a long train, requires an intermediate voice to repeat it. The "all right" is used here as in England—a trace of the English origin of the whole system, though the engineers in France and Belgium are not now so exclusively our countrymen as they were when it was in its infancy. The horn is used as an additional signal, and a very clear, useful, and agreeable one it is; preferable to "that

dreadful bell," which, with us, so often frights the traveller from the refreshment-room. Some of the carriages present a few novelties of construction that we cannot stop to describe, but which are to be approved; and there is an arrangement by which the tickets are collected while the train is in motion, that is decidedly a good one, as it is done without danger or inconvenience: the tedious



HOISTING THE STANDARD ON ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

stopping, short of the station, while the tickets of half-a-mile of passengers are gathered in, to the loss of time and temper on all sides, is thus avoided.

The journey of the Queen has naturally attracted a little attention to the continental railroads, and this short statement of a few points in which they seem to have the advantage over ours, may be worth noticing. The great defect is the charge for every separate parcel of luggage—slight in amount—but annoying from the forms it necessitates. Every person's luggage must be weighed, the boxes of



RECEPTION OF HER MAJESTY AT ANTWERP.

bags counted, the money paid in a separate department, and a ticket taken for it; and unless that ticket is produced on arrival, not an article can be delivered without an immense deal of trouble. If the ticket be lost, the baggage is there—but you can't have it! If the baggage happen to be sent by a wrong train, or left behind (such things will happen), the ticket is of little use, and again there is a world of inconvenience. A slight advance in the fare, and a liberal allowance of luggage to go free, would be better for all parties. As the tickets are the checks of an account with the State, the regulations are rigid—to the no small dismay of the careless Englishman, used to the free and easy mode of management in this matter at home. On the other hand, there is more laxity in a point where we are very rigorous: at some of the stations, the passengers cross two or more lines of rail, going to or leaving the carriages, sometimes in great numbers. In the dark, what with the ominous-looking iron lines under foot, the glare of torches among the crowd, (for gas is not yet universal), and the military costumes plentifully mingled with the mass, if one imagines the possibility of a "down train," the scene is more favourable to a sense of the picturesque than ideas of safety. But an accident very rarely occurs.

All Antwerp will be astir at an early hour to-morrow, when her Majesty disembarks, and leaves the level plains of Flanders for more romantic scenes—for the architectural antiquities of Aix-la-Chapelle, the City of the Three Kings, the natural magnificence of the Seven Mountains, and all the varied beauty of the RHINE.

ANTWERP, August 11.

Her Majesty landed this morning at half-past six o'clock; it was a "raw and gusty day," and the "lazy Scheldt" seemed to have got up an excitement on the occasion—it was "chafing with its shores" with considerable energy. The Royal yacht was moored about the middle of the river, with the standard at the mast-head. Some time before the disembarkation, a guard of honour was marched down to the quay, with a full band, and were drawn up at the landing-place in proper order; some of the municipal authorities were also in attendance, with their scarves of office. The next stage of the proceeding was the arrival of the Royal carriages, which drew up in line behind the guard, ready to receive the illustrious voyagers, on their return to *terra firma*. The liveries appeared to create much speculation and awe in the worthy Flemings of the lower orders, who could not settle it satisfactorily to themselves, whether the wearers were Field-Marsals or Footmen—till the moment arrived so destructive of dignity; when they were compelled to mount behind, they then sank to a discount; the outriders, however, maintained, to the last, a considerable share of public respect and approbation.

The moment her Majesty left the steamer's side, in the barge, the Royal Standard was hauled down and the Union Jack appeared in its place; during the short row to land, the barge, encumbered by an awning at the stern and a large flag at the head, lurched heavily, the wind blowing almost a gale. The crew pulled "with a will," and she soon touched the landing-place, when the guard presented arms, and the band struck up "God save the Queen." The Royal party quickly entered their carriage, and drove off at a rapid pace—a moment, and they had gone, as the French say, *comme un éclair*.

#### THE QUEEN ON THE RHINE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, August 13.

The most interesting incident of her Majesty's sojourn in the Prussian dominions occurred yesterday. The Inauguration of the Statue of Beethoven took place at Bonn, in the presence of an immense multitude—her Majesty being present, with the King and Queen of Prussia, and the brilliant suite of both Royalties. The ceremony of uncovering the Statue of the great Composer was to be the chief event of the Musical Festival. The general expectation was not disappointed; everything was conducted most successfully; even the weather relented, and the sunshine gave a brilliancy to the scene; but, soon after the close of the proceedings, again turned to "storm and cloudiness." The "little pearl" of towns, as a lively French authoress calls Bonn, was never so gay or so crowded. It was filled before the *fête* commenced, and the announcement that the Queen of England would be present at the Inauguration, attracted so many more, that the influx became an overflow. Probably no place in the world contained at that moment so many celebrated persons as Bonn did yesterday at noon. The Professors of its University have European reputations for their learning, and to these were added crowned heads, princes, statesmen, and those men of genius whose works are the delight of the world. The name of Beethoven seems to have acted like the summons of a mighty enchanter over a legion of spirits, at the sound of which they come on every wind from all corners of the earth; there is not a nation of Europe that has not contributed to the homage paid to the departed genius. Every state of Germany, England, Italy, Russia—all are represented. The Monarchs of two Realms preside at the ceremony, by which that homage is most vividly expressed; thousands of enthusiastic admirers of the great master crowd to hail the unveiling of his image, and amidst the shouts of a multitude, the clang of music, and the thunder of artillery, the face and form of Beethoven are unshrouded, to remain the testimonial of our love of what is great and beautiful to all future ages. While gazing on all this, the mind reverts involuntarily to the neglect, poverty, and affliction, that shrouded the latter years of the great Composer; of all these, it was the neglect of the world which he felt the most acutely; but with time has come appreciation, and now his name is a watchword at which a host of genius, kindred to, if inferior to his own, are proud to gather. His is "the all-hail hereafter," which is the "life to come of every poet's creed." Did he anticipate it? We firmly believe he did, for his proud spirit never made one sacrifice by which he might have gained wealth and applause, as so many inferior men have done. If so, the time he foresaw has come; and it has come far earlier than to most of the sons of genius. Twenty years have not elapsed since his death, and his memory is already honoured by the greatest testimony of its admiration a nation can bestow. Let Englishmen remember, to their shame, that, though centuries have passed, they have no national memorial of Shakespeare—their greatest poet; striking contrast Germany presents to our apathy to the best kind of greatness; we give marble and bronze to warriors alone; they recognise the creator of beauty as at least equally deserving of honour with the destroyers of life; we—a commercial nation—seem most to respect the sword; the Germans—to whose martial hosts our whole army is but a handful of troops—give the wreath, the statue, and the bust to the artist, to the musician, the painter, and the poet—to the genius, into whatever medium, colour, language, or sound, he may have thrown his inspiration.

But the neglect of genius is an old theme, worn and hackneyed; let us turn to the actual incidents of the passing time.

The spot on which the statue of Beethoven is erected is the Munster-platz, an open space of ground, by the side of the Cathedral, and in front of the spacious mansion of M. Furstenberg. The figure is of bronze, from a design by Hähnel, to whom the committee, after a careful selection, entrusted the execution. It was cast by Burgschmiet, of Nuremberg. The design has given universal approbation; it is simple, massive, and full of expression both in face and attitude. The sculptor has imagined the great Composer to be in a moment of inspiration; he gazes upward, his countenance beaming with the light of thought, and he is as if un-

consciously raising his right hand, to fix the strain of melody, he has caught with the inward ear, upon the paper he holds in the left; the whole impression produced by the figure is, that of a man of great genius and powerful will—precisely Beethoven's nature, which could scarcely have been better embodied. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal are not less artistic; on the front face is Fancy in a freely-flowing robe, borne aloft on the back of a sphynx; on the opposite face is a figure, representing instrumental music, or its finest development—in the Symphony, in the form of a graceful female, surrounded by four spirits, signifying the four parts of that species of composition: the first holds a sword, the second a serpent and the inverted torch, the third the thyrus and castanets, the fourth the triangle. On the right and left sides are two female figures—one playing the organ, emblematical of church music; the other, with two masks, representing the dramatic. The whole Statue is 25 German feet in height, the figure 10, and the pedestal 15. The casting came out so sharp and perfect that no finishing with the chisel was required.

The ceremony of the Inauguration was conducted in the usual manner. The Statue was surrounded by a screen; a space round it was inclosed for the musicians; and a guard of Lancers was in attendance. For the Royal spectators, a balcony was constructed from the first floor of M. Furstenberg's house. The whole of the Munster-platz was crowded; and the scene, from the numerous flags and banners disposed with excellent taste, the houses hung with garlands and boughs, the bright weather, and above all, the enthusiasm of all, was a very pleasing one. The Royal party took their seats, the music sounded forth, but hardly strong enough to be effectively heard above the wind and the noise of the crowd. A short interval, and a signal was given. The covering sank to the ground as if by magic, and the fine bold figure, with its upraised countenance and massive drapery, stood revealed—as it will stand for centuries.

The Festival does not close till to-day, when the last Concert is held, at which her Majesty will be present. The railway between Cologne and Bonn has been in great requisition; it passes almost the threshold of the Palace of Brühl, and has been most convenient for the alternate visits the Queen has paid to both places.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARISIANA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

Although Paris is never totally deserted, like London, and always offers some objects of amusement, the present is a period of greater stagnation than any other: now that the members of the Royal family are all absent, and the fashionables are dispersed at their chateaux, at the seaside, or at the German watering-places, the *on dits* and *chit chat* of society languish. Louis Philippe and the greater part of his family are at Eu, where Lord Cowley has gone to visit them. The Duke and Duchess of Nemours and the Duke d'Aumale are, meanwhile, exciting the most violent demonstrations of popularity at Bordeaux, which, several years since, gave so in different a reception to the most amiable and accomplished of the sons of Louis Philippe, the lamented Duke of Orleans. At Bordeaux, as at every other town through which they have passed, several of the young ladies of the place came to meet the Duchess de Nemours with bouquets and congratulatory verses, and have met with the most condescending, and, in many cases, flattering marks of attention in return. A singular incident somewhat disturbed the order of the Royal cavalcade at Limoges. Fifty young fashionables and fifty butchers of this town set forth on horseback to escort their Royal Highnesses. When they came up with the august party, a serious quarrel took place between the rival processions as to precedence. The butchers, however, brought forth in their favour an ancient deed of privilege granted to them by Henry the Fourth. This gay Monarch, during his battles for his crown, finding himself, as was frequently the case, in want of money, borrowed from the rich butchers of Limoges a large sum, which had been refused to him by the corporation of the town; and, in gratitude for this service, he granted them, in after years, the prerogative of escorting on all occasions the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal. The Limousin dandies were forced to give way before the authority of this ancient parchment signed by a Royal hand; and the butchers, in all the pride of splendid steeds and trappings, accompanied the entry of their Royal Highnesses.

A fraud so ingenious in its contrivance, and so touching in its nature, as to have almost softened the hearts of the inexorable functionaries on whom it was perpetrated, has, as may be imagined, found ready sympathy and excuse in Parisian society. It had been remarked at one of the post-offices that a letter, coming from the frontiers of Siberia, and, of course, entailing heavy postage expenses, arrived regularly every three months in Paris, addressed to a Polish Count, *poste restante*. A few days after this letter had reached its destination, a tall man, with thick, black mustachios, and a military bearing, came to claim the letter thus addressed. But little difficulty was, of course, made in giving it into his hands, the clerk, at the same time, informing him of the price of the postage. The Pole, drawing out his purse, attentively examined the superscription of the letter, and, after the scrutiny of some moments, shaking his head with emotion, returned it to the clerk, saying that the letter bore his name, but was not intended for him. The same circumstance repeated at the interval we have mentioned for several years running, had awakened much curiosity.

The opening of the letters after the time appointed by the rules of the Post-office had afforded no elucidation to this mystery, for the contents were in blank paper. Some indiscretion at length revealed the secret. The Polish Count we have mentioned was one of a family who took an active part in the Revolution of Poland, and, after the events of 1831, was, together with his father, his three brothers, and two uncles, condemned to banishment in Siberia. He alone escaped, and found an asylum in France; but, reduced to the most straitened means, unable to pay postage from so great a distance, and longing to receive tidings of his relations, they agreed upon the following plan, which they carried on with success for several years.—On the cover of the letter, each word in the address was written by the different members of his family; thus, the unfortunate Pole could, by mere examination of the outside, obtain certitude of the existence of his captive relations, and of their continuing together on the same spot. It is hardly possible to refuse pity to the misfortunes which rendered such a manoeuvre necessary; and we are all inclined to overlook the defrauding of the revenue, in the affection which prompted, and the ingenuity which contrived, such a scheme.

FRANCE.

The *M. nileur* states officially, that from the inquiries made it appears that the loss occasioned by the late fire at the Toulon dock-yard amounts to about 2,400,000 francs. The Ministerial Paris papers deny the reports in circulation that the fire had been caused by the convicts, or by the workmen of the dockyards, to destroy proofs of their having been plundering the State by claims for fictitious supplies of timber. The Princess Clementina of Saxe Coburg Gotha was safely delivered of a Prince at the Chateau of Eu on Saturday last.

The *Journal des Débats* says that it has advices from the frontier of Turkey, dated the 20th ultimo, which state the whole of Upper Albania to be in open insurrection. The Seraskier, who had entered the country with a considerable body of troops, had been unexpectedly attacked at Pisen, on his march to Jakouo. In revenge, he burnt twenty-five Albanian villages. After this terrible example, the Seraskier assembled the principal Albanian chiefs at Jakouo, and insisted upon their laying down their arms, submitting, like all the other provinces of the empire, to recruitment for the army, and giving hostages for their fidelity. The Chiefs refused compliance, and called out all the warlike population of the mountains. One of those traits of that indomitable courage and resolution which is inspired by the blind fanaticism of the Mussulmans, was exhibited on this occasion. Daoud Polosca, a Chief of Jakouo, came alone into the Turkish camp, and reached the tent of the Seraskier; but the two sentinels at the entrance, suspecting some evil design, repelled him with unerring aim, killed both the men. On hearing the reports of these arms, the guard at the tent turned out, and made a general discharge of their muskets on Polosca, who, however, was unhurt, and, mounting his horse, fled through the camp, reloading and firing his pistols at all who attempted to bar his passage. He had got through the barrier of the camp, but closely pressed by a detachment of cavalry sent in pursuit of him, and being no longer able to use his pistols, he drew his yatagan, and struck right and left at both men and horses, killing eight men and wounding twenty. Being at length captured, and brought before the Seraskier, and openly avowing that it had been his intent to assassinate him, the bold Albanian was immediately executed before the Turkish General. The Seraskier intends to make attacks upon the Albanians at several points, having brought 3,000 men from Scodra, and being joined by a corps of Catholic Militias.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours, on the 8th, went from Bordeaux to visit Teste and its environs, attended by the authorities and numerous other personages. They proceeded by the railroad, at both ends of which the directors had made every preparation for their perfect accommodation, and to do them all honour. Their departure, which was at half-past nine o'clock, and their arrival, were hailed by the cheers of immense crowds. Returning to Teste, they proceeded by the railroad to Bordeaux, which they reached at five o'clock. A grand ball was given the preceding evening to their Royal Highnesses and the Duke d'Aumale. The Duke d'Aumale left Bor-

deaux on Friday morning for Belfort, which is to be his residence during the camp.

SPAIN.

At the date of our last accounts from Madrid that capital was quiet, but the Government was taking precautions against a movement. General Alcala, Brigadier Montero, and two other officers, have been ordered to leave Madrid within twenty-four hours. According to its usual custom no reason is given for this stringent order.

The *Heraldo* publishes an account of an incursion made by a party of no less than two hundred Frenchmen into the valley of Zalazar, in Spain, where they set fire to the houses of the foresters, and destroyed a bridge and the sluices used for floating down the timber on the river Urbelescha, besides other damage. The greater portion of the inhabitants were at their labour in the fields when this unexpected attack was made, but they soon assembled, and having procured some arms they attacked the Frenchmen in return, and set them to flight. Five prisoners were taken, who are sent before the *juge de paix*.

A letter from San Sebastian states positively that the marriage of Isabel Segunda with her cousin the Duke of Seville is a settled thing, and is highly approved of by the French and British Governments, which have promised, in the event of a serious Carlist insurrection, to aid the Spanish Monarch, as they did during the late civil war. This will account for the detention of the Count de Montemolin, at Bourges. Whether the espousals of Isabel Segunda and the Duke of Seville will be followed by those of the Infanta Luisa and the Duke de Montpensier remains to be seen.

SWITZERLAND.

The *Journal des Débats* appears to consider that its news from Switzerland indicates that a civil war in that country is all but inevitable. Since the defeat of the Free Corps before Lucerne, the Radical party have been in active preparation for a re-commencement of hostilities upon a more extensive scale. With this view a popular confederation has been formed, of which Berne is to be the centre. Any attempt to interfere with the movements of this body will, it is understood, be a signal for a renewal of the struggle. The correspondent of the *Débats* is of opinion that the Jesuit question is a mere blind, the object of these movements being to form an united undivided republic of all the Swiss cantons. On the other hand, the little mountain cantons are preparing for resistance; and, so great is their enthusiasm, that the women of Uri practice daily, firing at a target, in order to qualify them for defending the mountain passes, while their husbands and brothers are assisting the inhabitants of the chief town of the canton. The month of September is said to have been fixed upon for the struggle. The *State Gazette* of Lucerne publishes the official report of the circumstances connected with M. Leu's death. It appears from it that the deceased had been several times threatened in anonymous letters with death; that for the last four years he kept no fire-arms in the house; that on the night of the murder the door of the house had been open, and that close to the house the footsteps of two persons running away had been discovered. In addition to the presumption of murder arising from the above circumstances, the medical report proves that suicide was absolutely impossible.

#### ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

##### THE LATE FATAL COLLISION ON THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILROAD.

On Monday, an inquiry was resumed before Mr. Wakley, at the Chalk Farm Tavern, touching the death of Mr. Charles Dean, aged 48, civil engineer, Exeter, on Tuesday week, from injuries he sustained in the collision which took place on the above line on the morning of the 29th ult., between the up mail train and luggage trains. On the former occasion the jury were merely impanelled to see the body of the deceased, and examine witnesses as to his identity, as well as to give the friends of the unfortunate gentleman the opportunity of conveying the body to Exeter for interment, whither it was removed, per the Great Western Railway, immediately on the adjourning of the Jury. From what then transpired, it appeared that the deceased was, when the accident occurred, on his return from Merioneth, North Wales, where he had been to survey a mine, and the investigation which was commenced at the University College Hospital, was appointed to be further proceeded with at the above tavern, for the convenience of the jury in viewing that portion of the line where the collision took place. The jury having answered to their names, went, accompanied by the Coroner and several of the railway directors, to the spot where the accident happened, which was on the south east side of Chalk Farm bridge. On their return, several witnesses were examined; but the circumstances which they mentioned have already appeared in our account of the accident. In the course of the inquiry, one of the jurors (Mr. Gray) was taken ill, and after some delay, one of the medical men in attendance gave it as his opinion that as the gentleman was labouring under a severe attack of palpitation of the heart arising from excitement, it would be very desirable to dispense with his services if the Coroner could do so. Mr. Gray was ultimately led into court, and having expressed his inability to take any further part in the proceedings that day, the Coroner at once determined to adjourn the inquiry, remarking that he thought little time would be lost by such an arrangement, as they might then be able to obtain the evidence of several important witnesses who did not appear to be present on that occasion. The inquiry was then formally adjourned until Thursday.

The inquest on Mr. Dean was resumed at the Orange Tree, New-road, on Thursday. The evidence given did not add much to the information already obtained. The examination of Henry Pringle Bruyere, the general superintendent of the line, was the most interesting. He said:—I attribute the accident to the mail train coming up too early. In consequence of the accident, the driver of the mail train has been suspended. There is, I consider, infinitely more danger in a train arriving before its time than after, as, in the latter case, its arrival is expected, and preparations are made accordingly. The driver's name was Hunsworth. I consider from the state of the rails on that morning, and the power of the engine, that Hunsworth, who had shut off his steam, was mistaken in his distance. Where the accident occurred was not on an inclined plane. For not keeping his time an engine-driver is liable to have his name entered in the defaulter's book, and likewise to be subjected to a fine.

By a Juror.—Hunsworth, in May last, was suspended for arriving at Leyton ten minutes before his time, and he then came in collision with the goods train. He has been employed by the Company ever since its formation. The general directions given to drivers, although not printed, were, that in foggy weather they were not to come up further than Camden Town bridge. I am not aware if such instructions were individually given to Hunsworth.

Hunsworth was subsequently called, and in answer to a question, asserted that if the policeman had had his wits about him the accident might have been prevented; that was all he had to say.

Mr. Wakley, in the course of his summing up, said if there were any criminal proceeding to be adopted, it was against James Frost, who had the conduct of starting the luggage train, and James Hunsworth the driver of the engine, who were the culpable parties. On the morning in question the train moved 22 minutes before its time, when if regularly had been observed, the accident would not have happened; but it appeared, that irregularities were not punished with fine or dismissal of the parties, nor even reported to the managers of the company.

The jury retired at half past three o'clock to consider their verdict. After an absence of an hour and a quarter, the jury returned into the inquest room, and the foreman handed in the following written verdict:—

"We find, the deceased, Charles Dean, died from an injury to his left leg, caused by an accidental collision of trains on the London and Birmingham Railway, near to Camden Town; and that the engine, numbered 90, belonging to the Company of that railway, moved to the death of the deceased, and that its value was £1000, and they make a DEODAND of the said engine to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS."

In delivering this verdict, the jury express their opinion, that the laws and regulations of the London and Birmingham Railway Company, for the guidance of their servants, have been carried out very inefficiently for some time past; and further, the jury consider that the area of the Camden Town station, and the system of rails there laid down, are too much cramped and limited, consistently with the public safety.

MANSLAUGHTER.—On Tuesday an inquest was held on the body of James Bristow, a stone-mason, who was killed in a rencontre with a party of Irishmen in Bow, on Saturday night last. The jury sat until a late hour, and heard evidence implicating the accused. Mr. Baker, the Coroner, summed up, and the jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Michael Carroll," who struck the deceased on the head with a poker, and caused his death. Four other men are in custody, supposed to have been concerned in the affray.

FIRE IN OXFORD-STREET.—On Wednesday night, between the hours of 11 and 12, a fire of rather an alarming character broke out upon the premises belonging to Mr. James Nunn, hosier and silk mercer, No. 217 Oxford-street, near Portman-street. It originated in the front shop, a spacious compartment filled with costly articles, and owing to the combustible nature of the stock the flames very speedily had obtained a firm hold, they having, in less than five minutes, communicated to each side of the shop and the two windows, and they were ascending with great rapidity up the staircase and through the fanlight. The firemen, however, were enabled to arrest the further progress of the flames just as they were entering the show-rooms on the first floor. Before, however, the fire was entirely extinguished, the principal portion of the costly stock in the shop was destroyed and the building severely damaged. The loss must amount to several hundred pounds.

ACCIDENT TO THE "FATHER THAMES" STEAMER.—An alarming accident occurred on the Thames on Tuesday evening. The steamer *Father Thames*, on her voyage from Gravesend, made the Pool about ten o'clock, with a great number of passengers, where, from some unavoidable cause, she came full on to a heavy barge, and with such force as to instantly carry away her paddle-box and side-cabin, in which were several persons. It may be readily imagined that consternation and confusion arose immediately, the vessel being thrown on one side, and several persons in the water. Six persons were rescued from a watery grave, and, happily, no one was drowned. From the disabled state of the vessel the passengers had to be landed at Wapping from small boats. The *Father Thames* was so much crippled by the collision that she was brought up off Wapping for the night. On Wednesday morning the steamer was towed down to Blackwall for repairs.

# HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

## THE VOYAGE TO ANTWERP.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert embarked at Woolwich on Saturday evening last, on board the Royal yacht. The yacht anchored at the Nore during the night, and proceeded on the voyage to Antwerp at an early hour on Sunday morning, where it arrived safely in the evening.

In the town itself, however, there was scarcely any outward and visible sign of rejoicing at the approach of the Queen. One exception must be made to this apparent apathy. Those strangers who, for want of some more engaging employment during the rain, stood gazing in small groups at the magnificent tower of the Cathedral, were suddenly conscious that on the top-most pinnacle of the tower, where its tapering spire and gilded vane seem blended with the sky, there was something that had human form and motion. A little further study, and a ladder, diminished in the intense height to the size of a cobweb, might be perceived resting on the highest of the graceful Gothic arches. Another moment, and the outline might be seen of a man busily engaged in fixing what, from its size in the airy distance, might have been a reed, but which on inquiry turned out to be a flag-staff; the gossamer-like web attached being the pulleys by which the flag was to be hoisted on the arrival of the Queen. This operation, which seemed an object of the most intense interest, not merely to the strangers, but to the good people of Antwerp also, was at least the most prominent, if it was not the only preparation made to welcome her Majesty. And yet the municipal authorities could hardly have chosen a better or a more appropriate mode of showing their respect than by thus adorning a building which, for its grandeur of proportions, exquisite lightness of design, and masterly delicacy of execution, is at once the ornament and the pride of Antwerp. This standard, flying aloft on the tower of the Cathedral, was visible from a considerable distance as the Royal party came up the Scheldt; and for that reason, therefore, if for no other, it was an appropriate mode of expressing welcome. Our artist has sketched the interesting incident of hoisting the standard. (See the front page.)

It was between five and six o'clock in the evening when the report of cannon announced to the citizens of Antwerp the near approach of the Queen of England. The day had been raw and gusty, with occasional heavy rain; but notwithstanding the unruly weather, no sooner had the roar of cannon rung over the city, than, as if by magic, the previously almost deserted streets became alive with men, women, and children, rushing pell-mell through every lane and alley which debouched upon the quay. It was a curiously sudden rush through the dripping streets, and in the course of a very few minutes the long line of quay was crowded by anxious spectators. Nothing could be more lively or varied than the scene. There were half the women of Antwerp—all, of course, *endimanchées*—their picturesque lace caps, with thin high lappets fluttering in the wind, and their gaily coloured costume, contrasting well with the eternal blouses and *casquettes* of the men. There were the dark blue uniforms, yellow epaulettes, and glancing muskets of the Belgian soldiers, glittering in long lines among the crowd. The *vigilantes* (the Antwerp cabs), which had poured down towards the quay as soon as the coming of the Royal party was descried, were soon clustered over with spectators. The *gamins* climbed into the branches of the trees which diversify the line of pier. The windows of the *cafés* and *estaminets* which line it appeared speedily converted into square masses of human heads.

The vessels lying in the river were soon fluttering with gay bunting, the perpendicular and horizontally striped flags of Belgium and Holland waving amicably together. The couple of Belgian revenue cutters, whose guns had given the first warning, continued to blaze away from starboard and port; boats, sail and row, shot off from every landing-place, with freights of spectators. On the principal landing-place, the standards of England and Belgium were hoisted side by side; and the eager crowds upon the quays—their dark-coloured masses contrasting well with the bright green of the alleys of trees which rose above them and white glancing line of houses behind—swayed backwards and forwards, in all the agonies of anticipation. Nor had they to wait long. The Scheldt below Antwerp much resembles the flattest and duldest portions of the course of the Thames below London-bridge. The river winds in long reaches like our English stream, and far away over the vast expanses of swampy meadow land which form its banks, were soon to be seen the masts of the Royal yacht, urging its way rapidly, against a strong breeze, towards the town.

Just at this moment, a heavy pelting rain came down. The effect was curious. Instantly, the whole line of quay seemed to be paved with umbrellas. Men and women—soldiers and *gamins*—the *casquettes* and the lace caps—the epaulettes and the blouses—all disappeared under the expanse of cotton and silk immediately spread out for protection. The shower passed away as suddenly as it came, and in a few moments the *Victoria and Albert* wheeled round the last point which she had to double, and shot by the row of quays.

The Belgian craft immediately manned yards, and the captain of the port, accompanied by Baron d'Arnim, the Prussian Minister at Brussels, and Sir Hamilton Seymour, the English Ambassador there, pushed off in an official barge, to welcome her Majesty and the Prince to Antwerp.

Nearly opposite the principal landing-place the yacht slackened her speed, then stopped her paddles. A buzz ran amid the crowd—a hurried rumour from mouth to mouth that the Queen would land *instantly*; but it was speedily checked, as the yacht slowly turned her head from the Antwerp shore, and her anchor fell heavily from her bows into the middle of the Scheldt.

There was no particular manifestation of popular feeling ashore—no cheering, no noise. The crowd were good-humouredly curious—nothing more. The hum of their presence hardly drowned a note of the band, which improvised in hot haste, and, mustering any species of out-of-door and in-door instrument, struck up, "God save the Queen."

In a moment thereafter, the Royal yacht was lying quietly in the river. Neither her Majesty nor the Prince appeared on deck. Lord Aberdeen was seen upon the platform between the paddle boxes.

Shortly after the *Victoria and Albert* had swung round to her moorings, the *Black Eagle* was descried urging her way up stream; in a quarter of an hour afterwards another Government boat followed her, and both of them took up their position a little lower down than the Royal yacht.

Half an hour passed away—the yacht lay tranquilly at her moorings, gradually blowing off her steam. No movement was perceptible on board her, and the crowd on shore, who had watched with eager curiosity for some indication of the Royal movement, slowly began to disperse; as night fell, the quay became deserted, and the fleet of steamers were left in quiet possession of their berths in the river.

Shortly after her arrival off Antwerp, her Majesty wrote two autograph letters—one to the King of Prussia, the other to the King of the Belgians—announcing her safe arrival. These were despatched by special trains.

Before the people dispersed, the harbour-master's boat put off towards the *Victoria and Albert*, with the Commandant du Port, the Baron d'Arnim, the Prussian Minister in Belgium, and Sir Hamilton Seymour. They went on board the vessel, and with their return ended the ceremonial part of the reception of her Majesty in the Scheldt. It was much more picturesque, on the whole, than could have been expected.

## THE LANDING AT ANTWERP.

At half past six o'clock, on Monday morning, the Royal disembarkation took place at Antwerp.

It was her Majesty's wish that every arrangement should be conducted in the most private manner possible. She travels *incognito*, as far as Queens can do so, dispensing with all civic eloquence, and, as much as possible, with mere honorary escorts.

Her landing was, therefore, not so brilliant an affair as, under other circumstances, it might have been; but it was, nevertheless, a scene of much animated beauty, as any such progress through a town like Antwerp must necessarily be.

A bustling crowd early thronged the quay, the picturesque costumes of Flanders flaunting gaily along the long range of wharfs, and according well with the fine old streets through which the *cortège* passed.

Her Majesty, at her landing, was received by the Burgomaster of Antwerp, M. Henry Legrelle; by the governor of the province, and the general commanding the forces, the Count D'Hane; and by Baron Arnim. None of these gentlemen, by her Majesty's express wish, wore any official costume.

The brief passage from the river to the railway is full of interest, leading, as it does, through some of the most picturesque streets and by some of the most ancient buildings of Antwerp.

The city looks well as seen from the Scheldt. Its multitude of elaborately sculptured towers rising in every varied form of Gothic architecture—the slighter needle-like spires springing upwards from the roofs of the smaller churches; the endless succession of high peaked gables and roofs, broken by long ranges of windows, and crowned with every freak and fantasy which the fine imagination and laborious hands of the people of the old Flemish towns could conjure out of stone to deck their dwellings: all these architectural beauties, mingling here and there with clumps of trees rising from some old burgomaster's garden, and enlivened and varied by the lofty fabric of the rigging of the vessels lying in the docks, the clumsy spars of the country river craft, contrasting with the more tapering array of masts and rigging which mark the goodly foreign-going ship beneath; all these, when viewed from the river, and seen rising abruptly from its low sedgy banks, make up a very beautiful and interesting panorama. We have engraved this animated scene at page 100; and the landing in our front page.

Her Majesty landed at the Quay Rubens, a part of the large ranges of wharf which form so pleasant a promenade along the Scheldt. It is the river boundary of Antwerp, and the eye runs for perhaps a mile along a gay succession of white-painted, multitudinous-windowed houses. The glare of this long rampart of whitened *estaminets* and *cafés*, broken and subdued by the double rows of trees, which form green alleys along the river's bank, while the grey masses and hoary pinnacles, which form the background, point to the ancient days of Antwerp, and make us feel that the river front of the city, with its modernised aspect, is only a sort of screen to the narrow antique streets which wind, and the elaborate piles of olden masonry which stand heaped, behind it.

The passage through the city, on the way to the railway station, was a scene of no little animation, and of some picturesque beauty. The streets of Antwerp, like those of many of the towns in Belgium, are not apparently laid out upon any plan, but have, probably, in the first instance, followed the natural caprices of a growing population. They wind and turn, and turn and wind, each street as like its neighbour as the different parts of a labyrinth, that a stranger has no small difficulty in choosing out his way.

Around the Cathedral there are some few open squares, small in proportion to similar places in London; but, generally, there is a want of some bold main street, by the course of which all the rest of the streets may be indicated.

If this be a fault in Antwerp, however, it is amply replaced by the grotesque architectural combinations produced by the endless turnings of the streets. The quaint old houses, six or seven stories high, tapering up to a pinnacle, and their fronts all adorned with the luxuriant tracery which characterises the buildings erected in Flanders by the Spaniards, present themselves at every street-corner in such odd groups, and yet so picturesque, that you are ready to forgive the irregular construction of the city.

With the exception of a few of the new streets, and particularly of the Place de Mer (which is a fine broad street, in the modern style), Antwerp looks as if it had been left untouched since the days of Alva, or that three centuries of change, and much of the worst horrors of war, had passed over it in vain.

Strange was the contrast between these picturesque old streets and the gray-looking modern population with which they were thronged as the *cortège* of the Queen drove slowly through them. If association led the mind to dwell on the image of the broad-built, leathern-jerkined, casqued soldiers of Alva frowning grim terror among the crouching people, the jerk was sudden which brought it down to contemplate one of the "Braves Belges," with his staring uniform of blue, red, and yellow, his heavy black flower pot hat, or his merry chat and pleasant laugh with the bloused and mustachioed people around. In place of the grave burghers to whom such antique houses should belong, it was amusing enough to see loitering in the window the *negociant*, half-dandy, half-bourgeois, smoking his cigar and passing his comments on the pretty Belgians or blooming Flemings who here and there graced the houses around. Two classes alone among the motley groups who filled the streets retained their ancient costume, and were in keeping with the unchanged city. There was the tall, gaunt curé—not always tall and gaunt, but sometimes short and oily—stalking along the streets in his shovel-hat and long black *soutan*, the most inelegant of all the clerical costumes; or there, mingled in the throng, the neat, clean Flemish woman, *paysanne* or *domestique*, with her gay contrast of colours—scarlet, blue, and pink—and her pure white cap of lace, its broad border shadowing the rosy face, and falling over the shoulders like the mailed casquet of a knight. On these costumes the imagination could dwell, and call up scenes of strife which those old houses had witnessed when many a deadly struggle devastated this city of the commerce of the European world, before the oppressed people could finally drive out their oppressors. Comparing them with the records of dress which exist in the pictures of cotemporary painters, it seems that they are what they were three centuries ago. Amidst revolutions in manners, in language, and in politics, the church and the people have here remained much the same.

These were the characteristics of the Queen's route through Antwerp. Of course they would have been the same under any other similar circumstances, but it is not every day that there is an event of sufficient interest to collect so many persons together, or to bring such elements of the picturesque into direct contrast.

At the station the Royal party were received by M. Masui, Director-General of the Belgian Railways, and the officials of the company. A party of the 10th Regiment of the Line lined the avenue to the station, and another party of the same regiment were in the station, and presented arms as her Majesty arrived. The bands of the regiment played (impromptu) the National Anthem of England. The military at the station were under the command of M. Dijs, the Captain Commandant of the province, and M. Guillaume, Colonel of the regiment. The engine which drew the train was decorated with the tricolor flag.

At a few minutes before seven her Majesty, the Prince, and their suite arrived at the station, and the train was soon after in motion towards Malines. Nothing could be better than the arrangements of the railway company. Indeed, the railways of this country are generally so well managed, that our own companies might well take example from the system.

There were comparatively few people about the station, the earliness of the hour and the rawness of the morning preventing the muster which might have been otherwise expected.

The Royal carriage used upon the occasion was the one generally appropriated to his Majesty the King of the Belgians. It was plain but neat, decorated with gilt crowns, and bearing the Royal arms of Belgium.

The Royal party remained not a moment at the station, and the special train started exactly at seven o'clock, and proceeded at an easy rate towards

## MALINES.

A ride of about three quarters of an hour through the rich fields of Belgium, by hedges, and coppices, and cottages very like those of the midland counties of England, conducts the traveller to Malines, famous for its lace, and the grand central station of the Belgian Railways. As the Royal train sped on, it was amusing to observe the curiosity of the peasants, clustered in groups at the points where the cross-roads of the country pass the line. At every station a little group was assembled—the men *casquettes* in hand, the women in their picturesque caps, making all manner of extraordinary observations.

At Malines, due preparation has been made for the meeting of her Majesty with the King and Queen of the Belgians.

The station is a large one, and at every point the Belgian and British colours fluttered gaily in the wind. A company or two of Lancers lined the rail on each side. Groups of the townspeople and the workmen employed on the railway were ranged behind. In front stood the King and Queen of the Belgians, attended by a brilliant suite, among whom were the Comte d'Arsehot, General Goblis, General d'Hoogvorst, M. Van de Weyer, &c.

As the Royal train swept up, the band burst into the accustomed "God save the Queen," but the merrily ringing notes of the "Annen Polka." The train stopped. The King and Queen of the Belgians approached, greeted the English Royal party, then stepped into her Majesty's carriage. There was a short delay—a scampering to and fro of officers—a waving of ladies' handkerchiefs and gentlemen's hats; then the train which had brought his Belgic Majesty from Brussels, was attached to the special *convoy* from Antwerp, the blue, yellow, and red tricolor hoisted on the engine, and the train, thus reinforced, moved slowly away from Malines, passing under a triumphal arch, all fluttering with flags and gay with paintings, bearing the inscription "La Station de Malines, à la Reine Victoria et S. R. A. le Prince Albert."

Altogether the effect was very good. Everything was nicely managed. There was no noise, no confusion, no rude pressing. Indeed, the people of England might with great advantage to themselves take a lesson in this respect from the easy politeness of their Belgian neighbours.

At the Louvain station there was a repetition of the same tasteful welcome that had been offered at Malines. The front of the station-house was decorated after the approved fashion, and there was a party of the Chasseurs Belges drawn up to receive her Majesty. The band of the regiment played a national air. A considerable number of people were collected here also. They received the Royal travellers with the customary welcome. The quiet courtesy of the people seemed, however, not enough for a travelling Englishman who happened to be among them: He set up at once the national hurrah, or rather, in his fashion, the "hooray!" and tried, by acting as fagelman, to induce the rest to join. But the chorus was very faint. The train stopped, however, for a few moments, and when it was once more in motion our Englishman again set up his cheer, waving his hat most energetically. By this time the people had entered into "the humour of it," and they joined him with a cheer as hearty as could have been produced by any given number of John Bulls. The fagelman seemed intensely delighted at the result of his feat. At Tirlemont also the military (Lancers) were drawn up. The train remained here for a few moments.

The country between Antwerp and Liege is rather more interesting than is usual with the scenery of Flanders. But what it wants in beauty is made up in fertility. Every little patch of ground is cultivated with the most sedulous care, and the earth repays the toil bestowed upon it in plentiful crops. There is a remarkable resemblance between the general features of rural life here and those in England. The cottages, in particular, are very pretty, clean, and picturesque.

The Ans station is remarkable in another way. There are some unusual engineering difficulties here. The station is between 400 and 500 feet above the level of the Meuse. The gradient of descent is so steep that the loco-

motive engines cannot be used, but the train is drawn by ropes up and down two inclined planes, each about two miles and a half long. The view you obtain from the height of the gradient of Liege and the valley of the Meuse is one of a character not often seen on a railway, or indeed anywhere else. Perhaps some part of the effect it produces on the spectator may be attributable to the sudden change which here takes place from flat and uninteresting, or, at all events, level and common-place scenery, to the unfamiliar beauties of hill and valley. But the scene would be grand and picturesque seen from any point of view. Emerging from the "cutting" of the railway, where the view is obstructed on either side, you come suddenly on Liege, lying in a valley below, and embosomed in hills of more than common beauty. The town itself is in many of its features very similar to our large manufacturing towns, with the advantage of much finer position. The smoke of the factories rises above the mass of houses; but what would be destructive to all ideas of the picturesque in any other position, becomes here almost an additional beauty from the contrast it affords to the smiling verdure of the valley of the Meuse, and the fir-crowned hills around.

Her Majesty and the Prince reached Liege shortly before twelve o'clock. The station at Liege was a scene of great excitement. A regiment of the Belgian infantry was drawn up in line on either side, and saluted her Majesty, the band playing the while. Flags waved from every height, among them the Royal standard of England. After a few minutes' delay the train proceeded onwards towards Aix-la-Chapelle.

## ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY AT THE PALACE OF BRÜHL.

We now proceed to detail the incidents of the journey from Liege to Brühl, the palace of the King of Prussia, where her Majesty and Prince Albert have safely arrived.

The stay made at Liege was very short, and the train was speedily in motion again upon the further bank of the Meuse. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the entire change in the scenery which occurs immediately after passing Liege. For hours previously you have been traversing a vast expanse of the richest and flattest soil—field after field, and coppice after coppice, in endless succession, stretching away monotonously to the horizon. Suddenly all is changed. You leave the flat for the rugged—the champagne for the mountainous. The country beyond the Meuse, towards Aix-la-Chapelle, may be called the Highlands of Belgium. The hills—steep and craggy, wooded sometimes to the summit, at others flinging bare masses of rock high into the air—rise on all sides. The railroad winds through deliciously varied glens, ever and anon opening up vistas of rock, and wood, and water, and then again appearing to occupy a high amphitheatre, hemmed in by rocky headlands. Fine trout streams come wimpling and sparkling down the ravines and along the road, the merry music of their waters, as they flash over the clean shingle, or gurgling amid rocks from pool to pool, forming a glorious contrast to the dull, sleepy murmur of the muddy streams of the lower part of Flanders. Here and there, perched in snug nooks, amid the trees and rocks, at the angles of corn-fields which creep up the hill side amid the sterner scenery, we have pretty little chateaux; and lower down, upon the very banks of the winding stream, there are built manufactories, principally of cloth, and in general so well situated and tastefully designed as rather to aid than detract from the beauty of the scene.

At Verviers, there was a grand sensation. Triumphant arches, tricolours in abundance, bands of music, soldiers, and crowds of excited people, showed that something out of the common way was to happen there. It turned out to be that the King and Queen of the Belgians, who had accompanied her Majesty thus far, were here to leave the train, on their return to Brussels. They did so, after taking leave of the Queen and Prince Albert. As they passed along the station they were received with loud cries of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" There was also a party of Prussian soldiers, who now made here their first appearance on the line. Among many other indications of the proximity of a military state, not the least was a veritable *vivandière*, with her round black glazed man-like hat, her belt slung across her shoulders, with a well-stored wallet attached, her green uniform and mannish trousers and boots. As she threaded her way among the soldiers, the officials, covered with decorations, and the people in their many-coloured costumes, she was one of the most picturesque objects in the crowd—the more so, perhaps, because, while all the great people were only en *grande tenue*, she was real, lifelike, and natural.

The Queen was received with music, shouts, salutes, and waving hats. The people were thoroughly enthusiastic—so different from the phlegmatic and orderly demeanour of those who had been seen at the previous stations—and for the first time on her journey her Majesty was received with a real, genuine, hearty, almost English cheer. The Prussians, who are much more quick in the expression of sentiments of enthusiasm, and particularly of loyalty, seemed to have in this respect infected their Belgian neighbours, for there was certainly a very marked difference between the reception given at Verviers, and that at the other places passed on the route.

A little further on the railway passes the ruins of what was once Limburg, the capital of a duchy of the same name, but whose importance has long since faded under the superior influence of the "new" town of Verviers and the increased manufacturing power of Liege.

The next station at which the train stopped was Haberthal, the point at which the Prussian territory commences. Here it had been arranged that her Majesty should be received by the Crown Prince of Prussia, who made his appearance immediately on the arrival of the train, and was received most cordially by her Majesty. He went into the Royal carriage. The characteristic enthusiasm of the Prussians was exhibited here also. The cheering was deafening, and had her Majesty's arrival taken place in the heart of her own dominions, instead of in those of a foreign Sovereign, the welcome she received could not have been more warm and hearty. The station is very spacious, and a very handsome bridge crosses it at the frontier line. On the one side of the bridge is the Belgian lion; on the other, the black eagle of Prussia. Over the former waved the tricolour, and over the latter the black and white flag of Prussia.

At Aix-la-Chapelle a similar scene was presented, but on a larger scale. The Prussian troops lined the station, in which also there was a very large assemblage of Herren and Frauen. Here the King of Prussia was waiting to receive her Majesty and Prince Albert. As soon as the Royal carriage stopped before the door of the station, the King advanced towards it, and handed out her Majesty. Prince Albert, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Royal suite followed; and the whole party, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers from the people, the clang of military music, and the firing of salutes, passed through the station to the carriages which were drawn up at the back, in which they went off towards the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. There was a tremendous rush after the Royal *cortège*.

A body of gentlemen, well mounted and uniformly dressed, formed a sort of amateur escort. The streets were gaily garlanded and festooned, windows and balconies were crowded with fair faces, smiling and animated. Away went the Royal carriages at a spinning rate down towards the cathedral, passing the Fontaines Chaudes, the theatre, and taking all the main streets, with their handsome hotels, in the way; and away went the spectators, on horse, and foot, and vehicle—buxom damsels bare-headed but neatly shawled, and gentlemen who seemed to have done nothing but smoke long pipes and grease their mustachios since they were born—following in the most helter-skelter fashion.

After visiting the shrine of the great founder of the empire of France, her Majesty and the party proceeded to the house of the chief burgomaster, M. Allesen, a cloth manufacturer, where a sumptuous luncheon was prepared and partaken of. Then came the same rush through the streets to the station. Again the platform was filled with its former occupants, and in a brief space the train was in motion, her Majesty having spent nearly two hours in the old city of Aix-la-Chapelle.

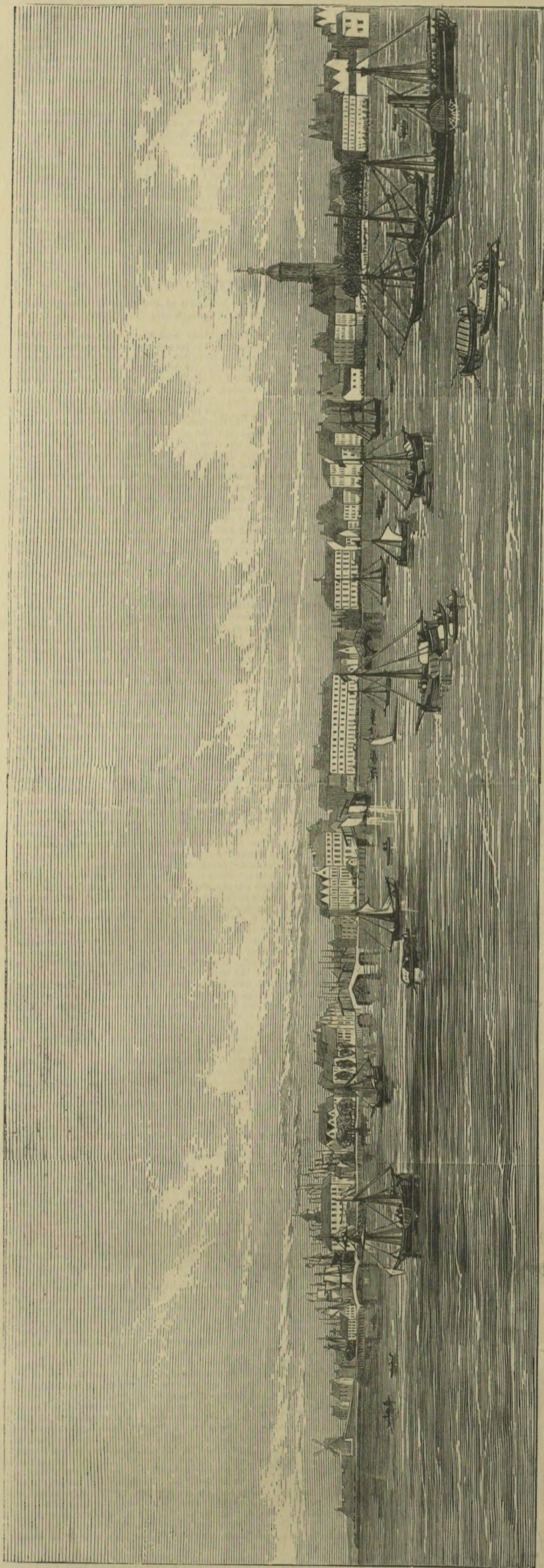
Up to this point the Royal travellers had journeyed in the Belgian Royal carriages. Prussian vehicles were now attached to the train, and in one of these, a very splendid carriage, richly without being very gaily decorated, the Sovereigns of England and Prussia pursued their journey.

We were now fairly in Prussia. The houses and villages had lost much of the picturesque quality of those of Flanders, and the peasants looked decidedly more English than those of the Low Countries. A curious indication of the military character of the country might be observed in the inhabitants of little farmsteads and petty hamlets, who drew themselves up in military array, each armed with his musket, and saluted in regular soldier-like style. At one or two stations, too, and particularly at that of Duren, a small manufacturing town, the Landwehr, or National Guard of Prussia, turned out—not in their uniforms, but dressed as for an evening party. The contrast between this peaceful attire and the business-like manner in which they handled their muskets, was odd enough. They certainly looked a most respectable body of men; and their band, also dressed en *bourgeois*, performed "God save the Queen" in a style which very few orchestras could produce a parallel to.

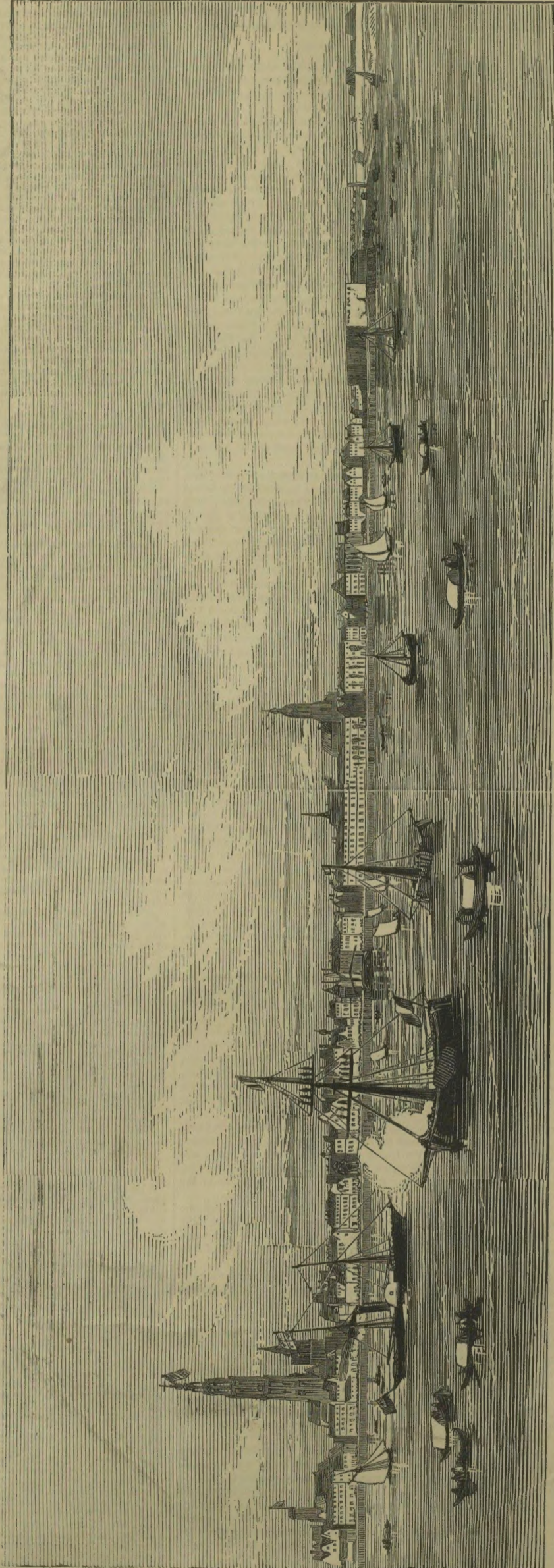
As we approach Cologne, the country becomes flat and richly wooded.

At some distance from Cologne, rising in a dark line upon the horizon, the eye catches a long range of far-off hills. They are those which form the right-hand ridges of the valley of the Rhine. A long neck of table land, of mingled corn and forest trees, which divides the valley of the Meuse from the valley of the Rhine, is traversed, during which time these distant hills gradually rise higher, and appear plainer to the view. The country appears to be getting more populous; cottages rise more thickly around; spires tower upwards on every hand; the whirling arms of windmills alternately show above and dip beneath the dark outline of the forest. The train speeds on, and far-off towers and massive piles of building begin to be visible. Suburban *estaminets* and *cafés*, the vine clustering round their roofs and walls are passed on either hand; the gazers and saunterers to the right and left increase; and in the mighty tower which struck your attention afar off, you recognise the most conspicuous portion of the far-famed—and not more far than justly famed—Cathedral of Cologne.

On this occasion a standard waved from its grey summit. Similar ornaments graced the surrounding steeples; still no part of the town could well be seen—green barriers of trees rose between it and the railway—when suddenly a flash darted through the thick foliage, a swirl of white smoke rose over it, and the sharp report of a cannon came rattling on the ear. Another, and another, and another. To the right and left, over coppice, trees, and among tall poplars, fire flashed and smoke curled upwards—the far extending batteries of Cologne were saluting her Majesty, and thus, amid the thunder of the artillery, and the cheers of multitudes who swarmed round



PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF ANTWERP, AND ITS ENVIRONS—ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY.



the railway and crowded the purlieus of the station, the Royal train arrived at Cologne.

The Royal party left the railway for the private carriages, which were drawn up outside the station, and drove off at once to the station of the Bonn Railway. To do this they had to pass through the principal part of the city of Cologne. It was a gay and brilliant spectacle. The old houses, almost as picturesque as those of Ghent or Antwerp, were garlanded and festooned, and, what was better than all, studded with the smiling faces of the happy German girls, who, however sedate and phlegmatic they may seem, will beat all the world for enthusiasm. Flags spanned the streets till they seemed all one triumphal arch, and the bells rang a merry peal from the many churches around. Dense masses of people lined the way, and belied the national character by the loud and lusty cheers with which they greeted the new guests of their Sovereign. There is something grand in German enthusiasm. It is not prone to display, but when it comes it is so deep-seated, so strong, and vehement.

Escorted by these best armies of Kings, the Sovereigns of Prussia and England passed through Cologne to the banks of the Rhine, whence the railway runs to Bonn. In and around the station, another scene of military pomp and popular ardour displayed itself, not inferior to what had taken

place elsewhere. Cheers and shouts of welcome, mingled with the rattling of drums, the roar of cannon, and the martial music of the bands, brought to its flood that rolling tide of enthusiastic welcome which had greeted the Queen of England and her Consort from the first hour of their arrival in the territory of the King of Prussia.

A very short time brought the Royal travellers to the Brühl station of the railway, close to the Palace of the King of Prussia, where her Majesty arrived on Monday evening, about seven o'clock, in safety, in the presence of multitudes, who gave her a right hearty welcome.

The Palace of Brühl stands about five or six miles on the road to Bonn, and her Majesty was received with all the honours of torch-light and military music.

Cologne is full of overflowing beds, luxuries confined to the favoured few—at least of the new comers. The long-extending banks of the Rhine have concentrated all their visitors upon it and Bonn, where, as it is said, her Majesty was, on Tuesday, to grace the inauguration of the statue to Beethoven with her presence.

It will be an interesting addition to this account of her Majesty's progress in Germany, to state that the sea voyage was a favourable one. The Royal yacht, with her Majesty on board, anchored in the Lower Hope on Satur-

day night, and at an early hour on Sunday morning raised anchor and proceeded to sea, making an excellent passage, being only four hours in crossing from the Foreland to Ostend, or fourteen hours until the Royal yacht anchored at Antwerp. The weather at sea on Sunday was favourable, and her Majesty and Prince Albert walked on the deck of the *Royal Victoria and Albert* steam yacht during a great part of the passage. The Royal yacht was past Flushing, on her way to Antwerp, before there was any appearance of rain. Her Majesty and Prince Albert did not either of them experience any sea sickness, but evidently enjoyed the voyage. The vessel anchored at Antwerp at twenty minutes before six o'clock on Sunday evening; but, as was anticipated, her Majesty remained on board all that night, and landed on Monday morning at half past six o'clock, a.m. Previous to the return of the pilots, it was arranged that Mr. Stuart and Mr. Emmerson should hold themselves in readiness to proceed to Antwerp to pilot the Royal yacht from that port direct to the Isle of Wight, it being her Majesty's intention to land at the island and sojourn at Osborne-house for some time on returning from Germany. It is also intended that the excellent arrangement of sailing only by daylight should be adopted on the return of her Majesty in the Royal yacht, and the Queen will leave Antwerp in the afternoon, and anchor off Flushing for the night, and proceed next morning to the Isle of Wight.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bonn, Saturday, August 9.

Honour to Beethoven is now the universal cry! Honour to Beethoven, indeed! He asked for bread, and they gave him a stone! Honour to Beethoven! By whom, and in what manner? Here, in the square where the *Minster* is seen, with its fine towers, stands the monument to Beethoven. It is yet unveiled; but on Tuesday is the show to be exhibited. Who claims the honour of its erection? Is it the natal town of the immortal composer? Is it Vienna, where his magical powers were developed? No. The Fatherland left the man of genius to starve, and the countries which revel in the execution of his sublime works do not raise metal enough to pay for the casting. One man only achieves the task. It is the artist Liszt alone that has accomplished a holy mission. Let us, however, be historical. It is now some twelve years since a few admirers of Beethoven in Bonn essayed to raise a subscription in order that the seat of the University should not be without a record that a musical giant had been born within its precincts. Not enough money was collected to purchase a granite pedestal.



LUWIG  
van  
BEETHOVEN  
geb. zu Bonn MDCCLXX  
gest MDCCCXXVII

FANTASIA.

No! Bonn was to be without its testimonial until an appeal was made to continental sympathy. In 1836 there was a faint cry heard in London that something ought to be done. English professors and amateurs had not been insensible to the Beethovenite creations.

In 1814, the "Mount of Olives" was introduced in this country, by Sir George Smart. The Philharmonic Society bought the No. 9 Choral Symphony, and forwarded a sum of money to Beethoven, when he was under the alarm that in his infirmities he should be left without bread. In July, 1837, a Concert was given at Drury Lane Theatre, for the Monument. Lord Burghersh, now the Earl of Westmoreland, exerted himself nobly on the occasion. Costa, Lucas, Cipriani, Potter, and the late Mori, were on the committee. The conductors were Sir G. Smart, Messrs. Knyvett and Moscheles; the leaders were F. Cramer, Loder, and T. Cooke; the singers, Schroeder Devrient, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Knyvett, Misses Birch and Wyndham, Braham, Bennett, Balfe, Seguin, and H. Phillips. The scheme consisted of the No. 9 Choral Symphony, the "Mount of Olives," the "Egmont" Overture, the Canon from "Fidelio," and the Finale; and Moscheles played the E flat Concerto. Here is a magnificent array of talent. Alas! the generous undertaking proved a failure! Ultimately, £50 were forwarded as a British offering. Still the deficiency was great. One day the want of funds was mentioned in the presence of the Emperor of Pianists: "Money required," exclaimed the artist; "I give ten thousand francs; if more be requisite, I am responsible." It was Liszt who displayed this princely generosity. The statue was resolved upon, and a solemn inauguration was promised. Then followed the Committee of Bonn. Next ensued the miserable intrigues of trading professors to turn to account the homage to genius. The "deep music of the rolling world" kindled within the strings of the waved air, was to be a monetary speculation. Fle on it.

The generous disinterestedness of Liszt found no imitators. Where was the



SACRED MUSIC.

Royal or noble hand extended for Music's high revelation? And when men, who ought to have been the enthusiastic worshippers of the Composer, who had poured forth the rolling masses of heaven's artillery of harmony, were "invited" to aid and abet, they imposed their "terms." Where is Mendelssohn? What does he in the North, when he should be in the South. Where is Meyerbeer? What does Spontini, the adopted of Germany? Where is Lindpaintner? Where is Gühr? What! to second the generous-minded and intellectual Liszt, has Spohr alone come forward! It is a fact, and it will be so recorded in musical annals.

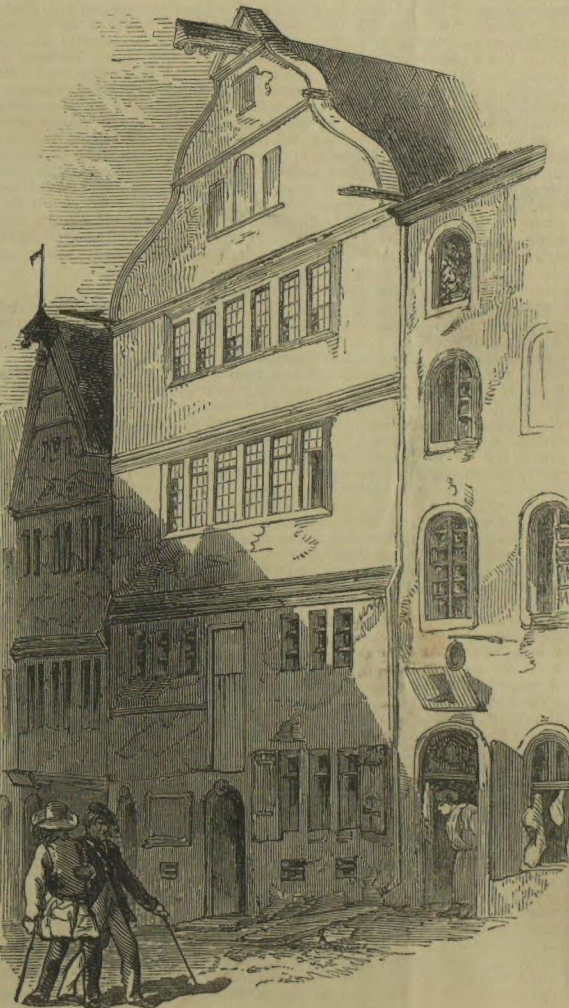
Let me now record events, since my arrival here.



STATUE OF BEETHOVEN, AT BONN.

I found a Committee in existence, of which Dr. Breidenstein, the Musical Professor of the University, is President. The only other name of note is Herr Walter, the Professor of Ecclesiastical Law. The remainder are men of no weight.

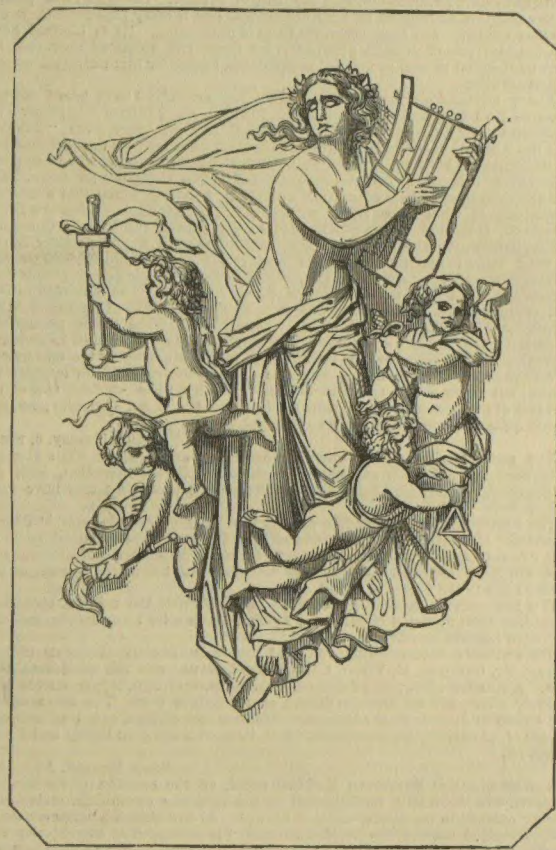
The arrangements of this Committee have been absurd enough. At a wretched riding-school in the suburbs was it intended to have given the Concerts, until Liszt came again to the rescue. In nine days, a building, 200 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 40 feet high, was erected—a patriotic inhabitant having, for a mere trifle, sold his garden as the site of the Beethoven Hall. The skill of the archi-



BIRTHPLACE OF BEETHOVEN, AT BONN.

tect cannot be praised. The roof is too low, and the platform for the performers not sufficiently steep. It was only after much agitation that an enormous pulpit for the Conductor was removed.

Dr. Breidenstein, the chairman, is not a man of business. The only capable person, indeed, next to Liszt, is Professor Walter. The hall, decorated with laurels and flowers, is pretty in the day. The night effect is yet to be ascertained. Of the persons invited by the Committee, Sir G. Smart alone has arrived, but Moscheles and Neate are expected. Dr. C. L. B. Wolff, Professor of Literature at Jena, is here. He has written the words to Liszt's Cantata. Herr Schmitz, a canon of the Aix la Chapelle Cathedral, has written the words to the chorus in honour of Beethoven, composed by Dr. Breidenstein. The Vienna conservatoire, has sent Staatsrath Van Puttlingen from Vienna. Chelard, the composer, has come from Weimar; Jules Janin, as fat and lively as ever, is on a mission from the *Débats*. Chapelmaster Taglichsheck represents Hohenzollern. The Beethoven Quartet Society, of London, has its Secretary, Mr. Robinson, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. Schindler, who wrote the life of Beethoven, and who wrote on his visiting cards in Paris, "L'ame de Beethoven," is on the spot, finding fault with Spohr and Liszt. Pellstal, the Berlin critic, and Florintino, the editor of the *Corsaire* of Paris, and translator of Dante, are amongst the comers. Félix, the great musical historian, and the chief of the Brussels Conservatoire, has



SYMPHONY.

also arrived. Professor Fischhoff, of the Vienna Academy, is present. The musical critics of the London press are in great force. Handel Gear, the tenor singer, and M. Oury, the violinist, and Madame Oury, the pianiste, are amongst the English professionals. French Flowers, the contrapuntist, has also come. The influx of Germans, Poles, and Russians, is strong; but, on the whole, I am disappointed and dissatisfied with the lists. The great majority here are merely *sight se-ekers*, and care nothing for the exalted feelings of musical amateurs. The hotels are all full. Napoleons are paid for beds. The first rush of visitors is to Beethoven's house, but here a great difficulty presents itself. There are two persons who claim the locality, and exhibit their respective houses; whilst one bookseller publishes sketches of both, as being positively authentic. The father of the late Ferdinand Ries, who is still alive, could elucidate the matter, but he allows the rival speculators to put forward their pretensions without interference.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

It is necessary to state that every account written of the programmes of the Fêtes before this date, has been erroneous. The official scheme has only appeared this morning. This delay and consequent change in the arrangements have arisen from the anticipations that the Queen of England and Prince Albert, with the Prussian Royal Family, would honour the Inauguration with their presence. The Earl of Westmoreland, the British Minister at Berlin, passed through this place yesterday afternoon, and his Lordship expressed his hope to be present with their Majesties on Tuesday. No certainty, however, exists on the subject. The order of the Festival stands thus:—

"From nine to one, the Institute was open to strangers. At ten o'clock, the general rehearsal of the music took place at the Beethoven Hall. To-night, at six, the First Concert, directed by Dr. Spohr, when the Mass in D, and the No. 9 Grand Symphony, will be performed. At half-past nine fireworks



TRAGIC MUSIC.

on the Rhine, and music in the Gardens, on the banks. To-morrow, at eight in the morning, an open air concert at the Royal Hotel. At half-past eleven the Cologne Company christen a new steam-boat, to be called *Beethoven*, in which an excursion will be made on the Rhine, to the island of Nonningworth. A luncheon will be given there, and the boat returns in the evening. At eight at night there is a ball for the working classes.

"On Tuesday, the 12th, at seven o'clock in the morning, serenades in the Public Gardens. Between eight and nine Grand Mass, in C, of Beethoven, at the Cathedral, conducted by Dr. Breidenstein. At eleven, or as soon as the Royal personages expected arrive, the inauguration at the square of the cathedral takes place. An overture opens the ceremony, and then Dr. Breidenstein's Chorus will

be executed with Dr. Schmitz's words. At four P.M. Concert conducted by Liszt, when his Cantata will be given. At night, general illumination and music in the Market-place.

On Wednesday, at nine A.M., last concert of all the artists, in presence of the Royal visitors. At one, great Banquet at the Hotel of the Golden Star; and at night, Ball in the Beethoven Hall.

The town this morning has become quite animated. From every house flags are suspended, the British colours being always seen with the Prussian. The platforms at the Cathedral-square are nearly ready, and the avenues of trees are decorated with the national emblems. The cathedral is decorated in the interior with garlands and festoons, and the altar covered with the choicest flowers and plants. The population is in the streets in the gayest costumes. The student with his long hair and tip, his coloured cap to distinguish the club he belongs to; the peasants with their lace caps and white mantillas over their heads; the fair and light haired Saxons; the pretty women of Cologne and Bonn, are seen in groups in anxious conversation. At the Golden Star we sit down 150 to dinner with a band of music to perform during the two hours the ceremonial lasts. Liszt, Spohr, and other celebrities are at this splendid hotel. A beautiful serenade was given the other night to Liszt, and another will be performed to-morrow. M. Oury having an unpublished MS. of Beethoven for the occasion, for which Dr. Wolf has written words. Dr. Wolf's talents as an improvisatore are marvellous. He wrote a little poem the other evening to Liszt, who had gone to Cologne to have an interview with the King of Prussia. The poem was penned in five minutes, and signed by a host of musical and literary illustrations, Spohr heading the list. The enthusiasm for Liszt is unbounded. He is idolized here. His frequent acts of princely generosity, his frank and animated character, his high intellectual as well as musical attainments, secure for him universal esteem and admiration.

I have attended all the rehearsals since my arrival. I have heard the two Masses—No. 1 in C, and the one in D Op. 123; his No. 9 Choral Symphony; his Overtures to "Egmont" and "Coriolanus;" and gleanings from "Fidelio" and the "Mount of Olives." It would be premature to criticise the performances at this moment, but they promise well. The Band and Chorus, when complete, will include upwards of 500 performers, chiefly from Cologne and Bonn. The Chorus singers are all amateurs, and everybody seems to agree that a prettier assemblage of *soprani* was never witnessed. The principal singers are Mdlle. Tuschek, from the Berlin Opera; Mdlle. Sach, from the Leipzig Concerts; Mdlle. Schloss, from Cologne, who is known to fame in England; Herr Beyer, a weak tenor; Staudigl, the great basso; and Herr Martius, from Berlin. Mdlle. Tuschek is a very fine singer, with intense dramatic passion. Her execution of a scene from the "Mount of Olives," in which she ascended to D in alt, created a great sensation. Mdlle. Sach's voice is capable of singing Mozart's music for *The Queen of Night*, in the "Zauberflöte." The Berlin tenor has a beautiful voice, and is a great artist. It is impossible to praise too highly the enthusiasm of all the artists engaged in this Festival: there is no scramble nor intrigue for places, but every one is ready to take any position to be useful. One of the features of the Concerts will be Liszt's playing of the E flat Concerto; he produced quite a *furor* at yesterday's rehearsal.

Bonn, Sunday, 6 P.M.

The general rehearsal this morning passed off satisfactorily. The C minor Symphony, however, will not stand a comparison, in its execution, with our Philharmonic orchestra. But, at the performance, perhaps, we may have more refinement.

The Review of the Cavalry this day, by the King of Prussia, was brilliantly attended. His Majesty was on horseback, and was well received. The Queen was in a carriage. Their Majesties departed, after the inspection, to Stolzenfels; and will leave for Aix-la-Chapelle, to meet our Most Gracious Sovereign, and conduct her to the Palace of Brühl.

It is most curious that directly opposite the Palace is the railroad station—a proof how little Prussian Royalty and Aristocracy care for being overlooked—the horror of English Nobility.

The arrivals continue. This morning I have seen Pischek, Jules de Glimes, Vivier, Mr. Gardiner, M. Vivier, Charles Hallé, Butta, and the celebrated Berlioz. A Russian editor, M. de Grecht, from St. Petersburg, is just arrived. At the table d'hôte, 330 sat down to dinner, at the Golden Star. The scene now in the streets of Bonn is most animated. One long line of flags, and a collection of people of all nations, are assembled. The Concert is about to begin, and I must break off.

Bonn, Monday, Aug. 11.

The scene at the Beethoven Hall last night, on the occasion of the Opening Concert, will not easily be forgotten by the immense assemblage collected to render homage to the master-mind of his age. At five o'clock a large concourse had assembled around the building, which was decorated at the exterior with flags. By six o'clock the interior was filled, and the sight was as grand as it was almost affecting. The Hall has an arched roof, and from the large beams of timber, wreaths, laurels, and some fifty chandeliers, were suspended. The Hall receives light and ventilation from fourteen windows. The pillars supporting each arch were covered with the vine, twisting its graceful foliage around each column, and surmounted by the plantain. At the extremity of this edifice appeared two angels, having a wreath, with rays of glory, encircling the name of Ludwig Van Beethoven, under which was an oil painting of the composer, writing his "Missa Solemnis." In the opposite aisles were also tablets—one bearing the date of his birth at Bonn, in December, 1770, and the other recording his death at Vienna, in March, 1827. At equal distances on the walls were inscriptions indicating his masterpieces, surrounded by evergreens, &c. The orchestra was not sufficiently raised, but the Conductor's seat had been diminished in its unwieldy shape. The arrangements for the places were simple; each bench was numbered, and no more tickets issued than could be conveniently seated. Ladies were full dressed—the masculines were not so particular. All the fair chorus singers had white dresses, and, as they were for the most part young and pretty, the effect was charming. Some minutes after six Spohr mounted his rostrum, and was saluted by a flourish of trumpets and drums by the band, and cries of *viva* from the amateurs. He wore his orders, and, albeit advancing in age, looked well, his colossal form and dignified bearing giving him the air of command over his orchestra of nearly 500 performers.

On an elevated stage, next to the Conductor's post, were placed the chief singers; namely, Mdlle. Tuschek, Mdlle. Schloss, Mdlle. Kranczy, Mdlle. Sach, Herr Beyer, and Herr Staudigl. Beneath the orchestra were some reserved seats, the Prussian officers occupying them in front, and annoying the auditory by their repeated movements to and fro. After cries of "*Citizen!*" (*seats*) and "*Huten!*" (*hats off*), a solemn silence reigned, and every ear was inclined to listen to the holy and sublime strains of the "Missa Solemnis," in D. This wonderful composition has few *solis*; the quartet alone breaks upon the onward choral development. The deep devotional feeling of the "Kyrie Eleison," in D major, at once fixed attention. The subdued tones of the singers were admirable. The "Christie," in its supplicatory colouring, was finely rendered, the only drawback being the inefficiency of the tenor in the quatuors. Herr Beyer throughout, indeed, was quite incapable. Staudigl, Mdlle. Tuschek, and Mdlle. Schloss sustained, with great success, their parts. Nothing can be more difficult than the entire work. For the *soprani* the music is all ways on the high notes. There appeared to be but one opinion, that the "Credo" and the "Benedictus" are the finest portions of the score. The moving and touching character of the "Kyrie" finds a noble contrast with the bold and vigorous writing of the "Credo." The inspiration of Beethoven in the words "Credo in unum Deum" was that of profound conviction and piety. Out of the beaten track, indeed, altogether is this "Belief." Sudden changes of time and key are remarked throughout. In the whole range of musical science there is not such an awful passage to be found as in the words "Judicare vivos et mortuos." The past, the present, the future, the living and the dead, are in the mind's eye: the spirit of the devout is bowed down, and he feels that he is indeed a worm. The emotions were not to be mistaken, and the spirit of religion asserted its supremacy through fervid harmony. Those who might have come to scoff must have been induced to pray. The "Benedictus" has a violin obligato requiring great sustaining power. It was exquisitely executed by Hartmann, the first violin who comes from Cologne. The "Donna nobis pacem" affords a proof of how little Beethoven cared for conventionalities. He introduces on the word *pacem* trumpets and kettle-drums. He was once reproached for his innovations, and replied, "Ay, these critics are astonished, and do not comprehend me, because what I have written is not to be found in a book on 'thorough bass.'" Beethoven had explained that his intention was to render apparent the blessings of peace, by creating the impression of the discords of war. The "Missa Solemnis" was in advance of the age in which it was written, but "incomprehensible" was applied once to the C minor. No labyrinth seemed to be felt here; the difficulties were startling, it is true, but there were no mists. The auditory felt the audacity of his harmony, and of his rich and gorgeous instrumentation; but, in our own hearing, we heard recantations from critics who had formerly enrolled themselves amongst the "incomprehensibles." Honour to the German artists who studied so conscientiously Beethoven's "fantastic effusions!" Honour to the listeners, who dwell on every theme with breathless attention! Glory to Spohr for his pains-taking! After listening with awe and silence to the pious strains there was one burst of prolonged cheering at the conclusion, and the pure, holy, and submissive spirit of the marvellous work was recognised fully and unreservedly. We saw Berlioz applaud, as well as Meyerbeer, Lindpainter, Felicien David, Pauline Garcia, Viardot, Fetis, &c.

After the Mass came the "Sinfonia Caractéristique." The bold and "barbarous" innovator here annihilated the imbecile writers who have dared to pronounce it the work of a madman. For a madman, never have we found such lucid intervals. We, who take pride in having agitated successfully for its performance by the Philharmonic Society, had cause to rejoice at the unbounded rapture of the audience on this occasion. We do not pretend to assert that all the effects intended by the author were realised; still, it was a masterly execution—superior, on the whole, to the London version, but vastly inferior to that of the Conservatoire, in Paris. The brass and wood players here were not of the best order—the horns and trumpets, particularly, were execrable; and there was a lack of those delicious *nuances* that Habeneck infuses into the Parisian interpretation; but the sparks of the composer's fire were caught by the Teutonic. Grand, impressive, and overwhelming was the result. Spohr was master of the detail, and entered into it with kindred feeling and genius. The soloists, save Staudigl and Mdlle. Sach, were very indifferent; but the chorus—never can we forget the delicious trembles. Their fire, their impetuosity, their precision, their fearless attack of the notes, produced a mass of glorious sound beyond conception.

The captivating charms of music were never before, in the choral portion, so finely exhibited. Poetry was in the hearts of all—and overpowering was the issue. At every movement, the expression of delight was immense, and the Hall rang with continued cheering.

The opening Allegro in D Minor, broken as it is in detail, was finely given. After the introduction of the first sixteen bars, came out the subject which at once fixes itself on the ear. The scherzo was one joyous stream of gaiety. The fantastic use of the drum in octaves and the magnificent march were distinctly

marked. The andante on all hands is admitted to be the liveliest of Beethoven's slow movements, containing, as it has been written, "all the grace, beauty, and delicacy, to which art united with genius can attain, without ceasing to be simply true."

"Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke,  
Gives life to some new name. Thus doth he invoke  
Sweetness by all her names."

The finale is the tug of war. Here is introduced Schiller's "Song of Joy;" originally intended, by the way, to "Liberty," but German despotism was in the way. The introductory recitative leads to a reiteration of the leading themes of the other movements. The well-known crescendo, preceding the vocal cantilena, was splendidly given by the band: a real piano was finely realised—a *solis*, despite of Staudigl's magnificent example in the beginning. The tenor solo was fearful. The glory was, in fact, in the choral display. The use of the old church style, the fugued cantilena, and the final outbreak of passion, as if joy had reached its climax, were surpassing beauties; it was a superb winding up:—

"Yet was no discord there,  
But tempered harmony; all tones combining  
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,  
To tell of 'joy,' and to inspire it. Who  
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?"

After the termination of the Concert, the visitors went to the Gardens of the Royal Hotel, on the banks of the Rhine. The night was calm; the noble river was like a looking-glass. The peasants were heard in their wild harmonies; a fine band played at intervals; and, as the "meteor fires" arose, the towers of the Minster were distinguished; and in the distance, the dark outline of the Seven Mountains, with the rising vineyards, were recognised. The first day of the Beethoven Inauguration was over, and soon stillness reigned over the "waved air." The day had not been without its display of the worst passions of mankind; but the envy, the jealousy, the meanness, of ignoble mortals had been evinced; but with the grandeur of the night's display will we now not interfere. Let the magnificence of mind be in the ascendant, and a truce for a moment as to the intrigues and absurdities that have found their way even amongst the pilgrims to the shrine of Beethoven.

MONDAY NIGHT.

I am about to leave by the train to the Palace of Brühl, on the road to Cologne, in order to witness the reception given to our Queen, whose arrival has been announced. Her Majesty, with the Royal Family of Prussia, come here to-morrow, and will be present at the Inauguration. The King and Queen of the Belgians sleep here on Thursday night, on their way to Stolzenfels. The rooms are prepared for them at the Golden Star. The excursion on the Rhine has not attracted so much attention, as the company are flocking to Cologne, to witness the reception of the Queen. The Royal attendance will be extended here to the festivities of Wednesday, as well as to-morrow, and it is not considered impossible that Prince Albert may be induced to preside at the banquet on the last day. Dr. Breidenstein, the President of the Committee, was Prince Albert's musical tutor at this University. I am sorry to state that Dr. Breidenstein's want of courtesy has given great offence. I shall have something to communicate on this subject, but will ascertain the accurate details in the first instance. The town is so filled, that an immense number of persons take refuge in Cologne. Every bed here is bought up at a premium.

Bonn, Tuesday, 6 P.M.

The Statue of Beethoven has been unveiled. At one o'clock this day, amidst the firing of cannon and the cheers of an enormous influx of visitors from all the quarters of the globe, the ceremonial took place. Hühlen, the sculptor of Dresden, has the glory of having given to the world a splendid work of art. I have the authority of Schindler and Wegeler, the associates of the immortal composer, to state that the likeness is perfect, and that the attitude is like that of the great original. The Statue is in bronze, and the sculptor was four years engaged in his labour of love. Beethoven is supposed to have the "Missa Solemnis" in hand with a pencil. He has a mantle thrown with indescribable grace over his ordinary dress. The neck is thrown open, and the expression of the face has all the fiery attributes of genius. The Statue fronts the Cathedral in the centre of the Square. The bas-reliefs are exquisite. They are designated "Die Fantasia, Die Symphonie, Die Geistliche Musik, Die Dramatische Musik" (Fantasia, Symphony, Sacred Music, and Dramatic Music). The group of children in the Symphony is charming. The four female figures are finely contrasted. The devout air of the organist, and the wildness of the Fantasia, are in noble keeping. I have commenced this notice with the Statue, but I must afford you a notion, if possible, of to-day's scene. At seven o'clock this morning the town was already in commotion. Military bands played in the streets, and every house was decorated with festoons. In many windows busts of Beethoven, crowned with wreaths, were placed. At eight o'clock, the Authorities and the Committee, with the invited guests—Sir G. Smart, Moscheles, Professor Wolff, Jules Janin, Schindler, Lindpainter, Wegeler, Grunewald, Chelard, Fetis, sen. and jun., Bell-stal, Taglieschek, Fiorentino, Oury, Dr. Fischhoff, Staatsrath, Veque, and other artistic, literary, and diplomatic persons—assembled at the Town Hall. The band of the Yagers headed the procession. Liszt and Spohr, with the invited guests, succeeded; and all the students kept the line. The appearance of the latter—many of whom were dressed in the ancient style, with cap, white feathers, and the long rapier, &c.—was highly interesting. The procession marched to the Cathedral, where High Mass was performed; Beethoven's No. in C, conducted by Dr. Breidenstein, being executed by a large band and chorus. The Cathedral was crowded to excess, and several ladies were carried out fainting. The altar was decked with flowers, and, ranged on each side, were six Yagers, in green dresses, with muskets, and hat, with white feather. After the Mass, the procession broke up, but was again formed at the Town Hall, at eleven o'clock, and marched, in the same order, to the square of the Cathedral. Vast platforms had been erected, to accommodate the visitors, and the Statue was seen covered with a flowing white drapery, to which strings were attached, ready to tear away the veil which kept from anxious view this noble work of art. Thousands were assembled. Standards of all nations flowed in every direction; even the towers of the Cathedral, to the very summit of the Five Towers, were covered with streamers. Every window was taken, two Fredericks of gold being paid by willing votaries. And now came the moment of intense anticipation. The arrival of the Queen of England and the Prussian Royal Family was to be the signal of commencement. The people amused themselves good humouredly, and it was wonderful to witness the good order preserved almost without police or military parade. At half-past twelve o'clock the Royal visitors reached the house of the Count of Furstenberg, just behind the Statue, unfortunately. The firing of artillery, the playing of the bands, and the cheering of the populace, greeted the King of Prussia as he gallantly conducted the Queen to the balcony, which was faced with crimson velvet, and the house studded with flowery and dainty devices. Some delay took place in the ceremonial, which was resented by the students and chorus singers in earnest acclamations—"Begin! Begin!" At length, after two overtures had been played—one "Egmont," of Beethoven—Dr. Breidenstein, the President of the Committee of Management, having the other members on his side—namely, De Claer, Count Von Furstenberg, Stammheim, Gerhards, Kneisel, Liszt, Mertens, Nogerath, Von Salomon, and Professor Walter—delivered an oration from a book, descriptive of the career of Beethoven. As the learned Musical Professor concluded, and pronounced this never-to-be-forgotten name, the white canopy was removed, and the Master-mind of the World stood uncovered. The effect was electrical: the cannon boomed, the Yagers fired their muskets, the drums rolled, the trumpets were blown in triumph; but what were these sounds compared with the wild hurrah that burst from the masses? Wegeler, the man of eighty (but twelve days wanting), wept aloud. What a moment for this patriarch, who stood to the last by the side of Beethoven! The Queen and Prince Albert took a deep interest in the display of feeling. The Royal Consort was the pupil of Dr. Breidenstein in music during his stay at the University. The Doctor's chorus of male voices was then sung, beginning thus:—

"Es tönt durch's All ein macht'ger Klang  
Das ist der Wesen Welt gesang."

The poem by Schmitz, of Aix-la-Chapelle, might certainly have suggested finer music than that of Breidenstein, which, to speak plainly, was in the last stage of common-place, being a kind of imitation of a Madrigal in construction, but breathing not a phrase of melodious inspiration.

The record of the eventful day was then prepared, and was signed by the Queen of England, Prince Albert, the King and Queen of Prussia, the Duke of Anhalt, the Prince of Holstein, the Earl of Westmoreland, and other personages. The paper, encased in lead, was then deposited in the base, and hermetically sealed. A poem by Knassel, to a melody by Von Wolff, was sung at the conclusion by the chorus singers; it is entitled "Beethoven lebe hoch." The Royal party, immediately after the ceremonial, departed for Cologne, being immensely cheered. It was remarked that the Queen looked remarkably well in her pink bonnet and white dress. Prince Albert had the British uniform. His Royal Highness pointed out to her Majesty several of his college tutors. The dinner at the Golden Star was attended to-day by 400 persons. Beethoven's music was performed. Almost the finest thing we have yet heard, however, was the programme last night, played by the military bands, amounting to 700 performers, comprising the trumpets of the eight Hussar, and four Dragoon regiments of the 6th and 7th Ulanes, of the 8th Artillery Brigade, and of the bands of the 16th, 25th, 28th, 29th, 35th, 38th, and 40th Infantry Regiments; and all the drums of the brigades. I am enabled to supply, and, as I believe, exclusively, a copy of the scheme as follows:—No. 1, God Save the Queen; No. 2, March by Wiprecht; No. 3, March, by Count Von Redern; No. 4, March, from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Nos. 5 and 6, Overture and March, on themes from Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia;" No. 7, a March by Wiprecht; No. 8, Rule Britannia; and the whole wound up with the Tattoo and the Prussian *Gebel* or Prayer. As soon as her Majesty arrived at the Palace of Brühl, at half-past eight last night, this magnificent serenade was given in the Quadrangle. About 20,000 persons had assembled, brought by the trains from Cologne, Bonn, &c. The distance from Bonn to Brühl is generally done in twenty minutes by the railroad; but such was the congregation that two hours and a half were taken for the trip. The fight at the railroad stations was no joke. Several robberies took place: indeed, the practitioners from Paris have reaped a rich harvest here since the Festival. I know of at least a dozen gentlemen who have lost watches, pocket-books, &c. To return to the concert. The delight of her Majesty was unbounded at the mass of sound. Our Anthem was nobly played; but the "Rule Britannia" was taken too *legato* instead of *marcato*. Mendelssohn's March was dragged too much, but it was still most effective. The *crescendo* of the drums in some of the movements was one of the most extraordinary effects I have heard. The brass bands, of course, predominated. The sounds were heard a mile from the spot. There was one conductor, but the instruments were not classed. He gave the time to all. The lights used on this occasion, in party-coloured fires, have a

picturesque appearance. The whole view was enchanting. The Palace was lighted up in the interior, and not illuminated at the exterior. The night was lively, with the moon and stars shining brilliantly.

The ceremony yesterday of the christening of the steam-boat *Beethoven* was animated. The god-father, dipping a vine branch in the Rhine, threw the water on the hull, and the god-mother then broke a bottle of Hockheimer over it, the priests giving the boat a blessing at the same time. As I must attend the concert at the Beethoven Hall, I cannot describe the excursion to the Island of Nonningwerth, the luncheon thereon, the chorus of students, and the joviality of the company. The steamer returned at six, after a delightful day. Spohr's health was given with great enthusiasm at the *götter*, or luncheon. The town will be illuminated to-night, and bands of music play at the Market Place after the evening's concert, conducted alternately by Liszt and Spohr. To-morrow morning is the concluding Concert, and the whole terminates with a Ball at the Hall. There will be a Concert at the Palace of Brühl to-morrow, at which Viardot, Pischek, Staudigl, and Mdlle. Tuschek, will sing. On Thursday the Royal party will be at Stolzenfels, and will be joined by their Belgian Majesties. The banquet to-morrow at the Golden Star excites great interest.

#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, August 17.—13th Sunday after Trinity.  
MONDAY, 18.—Beattie died, 1803.  
TUESDAY, 19.—Royal George sunk at Spithead, 1782.  
WEDNESDAY, 20.—Robert Bloomfield died, 1823.  
THURSDAY, 21.—St. Bernard—Battle of Bosworth Field.  
FRIDAY, 22.—Warren Hastings died, 1818.  
SATURDAY, 23.—American War commenced, 1775.

High Water at London-bridge, for the Week ending August 23.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h. m. a. b. m. m. h. m. a. b. m. m. h. m. a. b. m. m. h. m. a. b. m. m. h. m. a. b. m. m. h. m. a. b. m. m.	2 11 2 37 2 58 3 20	3 42 4 1 4 22 4 41	5 1 5 20 5 40 5 59		

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"An Admirer."—The author of "The Evening Melodies," in our journal, is known to us only by these contributions.  
"T. L." Bath.—See the "Illustrated London Almanack" for 1845.  
"W. B." Reepham.—Try "Spanish without a Master."  
"H. B." Kirkstall, should apply personally, or by letter, to the Heralds' College. The charge for a common search for a coat of arms is 5s., or a general search, £1. 1s.  
"F. W. R."—Merimee's "Treatise on Painting."  
"H. L."—The Illustrated London Almanack cannot be stamped so as to go post free. Our journal may be forwarded to the British colonies, by her Majesty's packets, postage free, provided the same be made up open at the ends, and posted within seven days after the publication.  
"Adelaide Widow" should address a letter to the publisher of the lady's poems. Bishop, Barnett, Rodwell, Loder, and Horn are popular musical composers. We scarcely understand our correspondent's first question.  
"T. T." Leamington, is thanked.  
"A Clerk." Edinburgh.—Valparaiso is the most frequented seaport of Chili, which Maculloch considers destined to become an opulent and flourishing country.  
"A Subscriber," Neath.—"Darley's Treatise," published by Taylor and Walton.  
"Kate."—Peace is restored.  
"An Amateur Optician."—The Treatise on Optics and Optical Instruments, in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."  
"A. T. C." Ipswich, is thanked for the suggestion; but we have not room.  
"R. S." Pimlico.—The noise made by the male house-cricket is caused by the friction of the elytra, or wing-cases (not wings), against each other.  
"F. E."—The address of the last-named gentleman is Clarence terrace, Regent's-park.  
"John B."—Mr. Aldridge, the African Roscius, according to a letter from Llandilo, was recently killed there by being thrown, with his carriage, horses, and postilion, over a precipice of 127 feet.  
"A Subscriber and Beginner," Carlisle.—"Balmian's Lessons in Chemistry" is a good first book.  
"Jenks." Monmouth.—Mrs. Sandford's work on Female Improvement is an excellent one.  
"A Subscriber," Hemel Hempstead.—The establishment in question is highly respectable.  
"A Crewkerne Correspondent."—The presentations to Christ's Hospital are made annually; the age of the boys from seven to ten years.  
"H. T. E."—Otello, a Tale of the Opera, commenced in our last, is a translation.  
"Quelqu'un" is altogether mistaken; her note must be wrongly addressed.  
"Bantam."—Green.  
"Lector."—1. Maxwell's "Life of the Duke of Wellington" is an accredited work. 2. "Italian Without a Master." No. 157 of our Journal contains an Engraving of Captain Tayler's Breakwater.  
"N. M." Staveley Rectory.—The illustration is unavoidably deferred.  
"Daphnis." Kent.—Francis's "First Lessons in Botany."  
"Barentin."—Dr. Bernays's "German Educational Works" are used in King's College, London. It is hard to say which is the best of the many works on Geography.  
"A Subscriber."—The sketch is droll, but we have no use for it.  
"J. P." Hackney.—No. 130 of our Journal contains a fine Engraving of Orleans House, Twickenham.  
"A. M. A."—We have not room for the lines; they would, probably, suit one of the magazines.  
"J. A. B."—The Rev. J. Heslop is now Rector of Skelton, near York, and has held the living for some years.  
"Hotwells."—The late Countess of Berkeley died on the 30th of October, 1844. Her son, William Fitzhardinge, Lord Segrave, was created Earl Fitzhardinge in 1841; consequently, the elevation of the latter preceded the decease of the former by some years.  
"D. W." Dublin.—The Marquis of Douglas married the Princess Maria of Baden on the 23rd of February, 1843, and has had issue a son, still-born, 5th of February, 1844.  
"Pilgrim."—Sir Fitzroy Kelly, the new Solicitor-General, is, by birth, an Englishman.  
"R. P. M." Botesdale.—Mr. Seguer, of Russell court, Cleveland-square, St. James's, and Mr. Farrer, of Wardour-street, are the two best cleaners and repairers of old pictures.  
"J. S." Warslow.—The widow of the poet Burns died on the 26th of March, 1834.  
"P. S."—We do not remember.  
"G. H." shall be answered next week.  
"An Old Subscriber." Fareham.—Acts of Parliament are to be purchased at the Qu. en's printer's at a cheap rate. Parliamentary papers are sold either in Bridge street, Westminster, or Great Turnstile, at the rate of three halfpence per sheet. The Commons Inclosure Act was passed.  
"A Constant Reader."—We have not room for the Sketch of the Fire.  
"Temple."—Next week.  
"Modena" should apply to any music-publisher.  
"G. A. H." York, is thanked; he may obtain our Journal of any news agent at Leeds.  
"R. R. B."—We do not understand the inquiry about the kitchens.  
"Peregrinus" is thanked, but we have not space to spare.  
"F. R." Selborne.—The Railway Suggestions are ingenious, but we cannot promise insertion.  
We have not room for "Lines, by D. J.;" "In Spe Vivo;" "Sonnet;" "The Banner of Britain;" "Lines, by E. K—g;" "Contrast, by B.;" "Lines, by A. T. B." A few replies are unavoidably deferred. We are also obliged, through press of matter, to postpone our Chess Department till next week.

The continuation of "Othello," a Tale of the Opera, is unavoidably deferred till next week.

\* \* HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY. — Next week, we shall resume our Illustrations of the Royal Progress, with Engravings of the most Picturesque Scenes and Incidents on the Route from Antwerp to Stolzenfels; the Romantic Scenery of the Rhine; Views in Coburg and Gotha, from His Royal Highness Prince Albert's Drawings, &c. &c. We shall, likewise, then complete our Illustrations of the Beethoven Festival at Bonn.

#### THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1845.

THE last days of the unusually laborious Session of Parliament which has been recently brought to a close, found Lord Palmerston as energetic, and as frequently on his legs in the House, as though the legislative labours of the Commons for the year had been but just commenced. The subjects which furnished occasion for the clever and brilliant displays of the Noble Ex-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, related, as might be expected, to our foreign policy; and, however some, prejudiced by party feeling, may be disposed to consider the Noble Lord as inclined to be somewhat of an intermeddler in the affairs of Foreign States, we cannot help thinking that an impartial view of the past would show that his interference has generally been attended with results advantageous to the true interests of humanity, and of the country with respect to which his mediating influence has been exercised; but, be that

as it may, no one who has either heard or read the Noble Lords' two last speeches on the present condition of Greece and of Syria respectively, can, we apprehend, deny that the Great Powers of Europe are imperatively called upon to put an end to a state of affairs in both these unfortunate countries which is a disgrace to the civilization of the present age. With respect to Greece, it is, no doubt, a matter of exceeding difficulty and delicacy to devise a course, which, under all the circumstances of the case, would be the best to adopt; but for the disorders of Syria, the remedy is evident, and at hand; and those who can—but, from supineness, indifference, or some more guilty motive, will not—apply that remedy, are culpable in the highest degree.

In 1840, the Allied Powers thought fit to curb the insolence of Mehemet Ali, by rescuing the province of Syria from his usurped authority and restoring it to the dominion of the Sultan. That object was effected chiefly by British arms, the Syrians themselves assisting, having been induced thereto by promises made by British officers on the part of the Porte, to the effect that they should be relieved from the oppressions under which they had been for years suffering, and that their privileges and liberties should be secured to them. During the first year after the restoration of Syria to the Porte, the province, or, at least, that portion of it most fertile in political difficulties, the highland country of the Lebanon, was governed by a Maronite feudal chief, of the Princely family of Shehab; but, owing to sanguinary broils that were continually breaking forth between the two races that inhabit the country—the Druses, who profess a sort of mixed Mohammedan and Pagan faith, and the Maronites, who are a sect of Christians—the Allied Powers, in 1842, in conjunction with the Porte, arranged, in order to secure the future peace of the Lebanon, that, instead of one Governor, there should be two—a Druse and a Maronite—each ruling over his own race; and that from each locality where the two races were intermingled, that which constituted the minority should emigrate to a district in which the people of their own faith and name dwelt in greater numbers. This arrangement, it is, on all hands, agreed, was well calculated to secure peace to distracted Syria. But it has not been acted upon by the Porte, nor have the Syrians had the promises made to them, on the faith of British officers in 1840, fulfilled. In this state of matters, Lord Palmerston contends—and, we think, with great propriety and justice—that the British Government has not displayed the energy which it ought, and which it was entitled, to have displayed, in pressing upon the Porte the fulfilment of its engagements in this matter with the Allied Powers; and he attributes to this neglect on the part of Great Britain many of the unfortunate events which have recently occurred in Syria, and recommends that the Government should take some more active measures to have the arrangement of 1842 carried into execution, in order that the internecine wars of the Maronites and Druses may be put an end to; and the tranquillity, integrity, and independence of the Turkish Empire being thus secured, all danger, from that source, to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, may be removed.

Sir Robert, on the other hand, thinks that it is inconsistent with the independence of Turkey, for the allies to dictate to the Sultan the immediate and complete fulfilment of his engagements respecting the management of the internal affairs of his Empire; and so it would, under other circumstances; but, when he is indebted to the Allies, and chiefly to Great Britain, for recovering his lost province of Syria, and when on its restoration he entered into a solemn engagement to govern it after a certain manner which would be conducive to the interests of humanity and civilisation, as well as to those of his own Empire, we hold the case constitutes an exception to international usage, and that the British Government having been the most active of the Allies in 1840, in reinstating the Porte in the dominion of Syria, is especially entitled, and, in truth, bound to see to its being properly governed, and that its Christian population is not persecuted and oppressed.

THE Anglophobia with which a portion of the Opposition press of France is smitten, leads, at times, some of our lively contemporaries on the other side of the Channel into the greatest absurdities.

In anything with which England has either in reality, or only in their imagination, to do, those irritable journalists lay aside all common-sense, and take up the most distorted views. They seem to think that the sole end and aim of England's existence is to crush the power of France, by fair means or foul; and, accordingly, when any occurrence, trifling or otherwise, takes place, which brings to their minds the idea of "perfidious, intriguing Albion," they work themselves up to a pitch of rage and hatred against this country, which affords a fund of amusement to John Bull. While Monsieur grimaces, gesticulates, and rages, honest John looks on, and shakes his portly sides with laughter.

This morbid hatred of England has lately exhibited itself in one of the most extravagant and ludicrous of its Protean shapes. It has induced some of the journals referred to, to circulate a report that the late destructive fire in the Arsenal of Toulon was caused by the convicts, at the instigation of the British Government. Could malignant absurdity further go?—the British Foreign Secretary of State in league with the *forçats* of Toulon, in the midst of profound peace, to fire the Naval Stores and Dockyard of Great Britain's most powerful ally!

THE WEATHER.—The state of the weather has recently become a topic of much interest, and some alarming accounts have been in circulation as to the state of the crops. We have, however, carefully looked over a vast number of provincial papers during the week, and are happy to find that there is as yet no foundation for the unfavourable reports which have been spread. During the last few days the weather has been favourable in the western counties. In Devonshire, Somersetshire and the western counties generally, the harvest has not only commenced, but in many cases the crops have been safely housed. The harvest of wheat is in general abundant, and it has as yet received no damage from the weather. A week of fair weather would secure the harvest throughout the West of England. The *Dorset Chronicle* of Wednesday says:—"Harvest has already partially commenced in the neighbourhood of Dorchester. The crops of all kinds are most abundant, and, should the weather be favourable, reaping will be general in a few days." On Wednesday and Thursday, in the metropolis, there was but little sunshine, yet the weather was dry.

ANOTHER RISE IN THE PRICE OF BREAD.—On Thursday, the bakers of the east end of the metropolis raised the price of bread of the second quality to 8d. the four-pound loaf, and that of the best, to 9d. the quarter, being an advance of one halfpenny in the 4lb.

CHICHESTER ELECTION.—Lord Arthur Lennox was, on Tuesday, re-elected M. P. for this city without opposition.

ELECTION FOR THE BOROUGH OF WARWICK.—Sir Charles Douglas has been re-elected for Warwick without opposition.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Duke of Wellington has arrived at Walmer Castle, from town. He purposes to reside at that marine residence until the month of November.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—On Saturday, the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders in the company was held in the offices of the company, at Nine Elms, W. Chaplin, Esq., in the chair. The report states that the accounts show a progressive improvement in the traffic, the available balance being £86,733 18s. 11d., out of which the directors recommend a dividend of 37s. 6d. per share, subject to the income-tax, being 5s. per share, or 14 per cent., more than the dividend declared for the corresponding half of last year. The report was agreed to. A resolution was then proposed by Mr. Tamlyn, recommending the directors to reduce the fares. This was met by Mr. Close with an amendment, that the subject be left to the directors. A long discussion ensued, in which, though the general feeling appeared for the reduction, it was objected to being made the subject of a substantive vote, and the motion was accordingly withdrawn.

## POSTSCRIPT.

ROBBERY OF A CASE OF WATCHES BY CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.—William Bonham and Edward Lewis, Custom-house weighers, and William Stickland, proprietor of the Wheatsheaf public-house, St. George's-in-the-East, who was at the time of the robbery also a Custom-house officer, and Henry Osborn, landlord of the Crooked Billet, No. 1, King-street, Tower-hill, have been several times examined at the Thames Police-office, the first three charged with stealing one gold and four silver watches, the property of Messrs. Savory and Co., of Cornhill. Osborn was charged with receiving the property, knowing it to be stolen. Yesterday further evidence was produced against them, and all the prisoners were committed for trial.

A MAN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.—At the Mansion-house, yesterday, William Bean, a waterman, aged 60, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with having caused the death of his wife, Mary Bean. The evidence of Police-sergeant King showed that on the previous evening, about 6 or 7 o'clock, he received information that a man had killed his wife in Priest's-alley, Tower-street, where the prisoner lived. On going to his room, he (the prisoner) was pointed out to him, and he immediately took him into custody; the prisoner was about to make a statement, but he cautioned him, that anything he stated would be used against him, when he said, "If I am hung for it, I will tell the truth. I had been quarrelling with my wife, and had struck her in the court; we continued quarrelling, after which I entered the house; my wife was about to follow me, and had got her foot on the raised step of the doorway, when I again aimed a blow at her, which caused her to step back, but in so doing her foot caught in the woodwork, and she fell back violently on the stones in the yard, by which she met her death."—Jane Lightfoot, living in the same court, proved seeing them quarrelling, and the prisoner struck her when deceased fell she went to her assistance, but on lifting her head up she appeared to be either dead or dying. Witness called to Bean, "For God's sake, Bean, bring a drop of water," which prisoner did. Mr. Robertson, the Custom House surgeon, was immediately sent for, and attempted to bleed deceased, but not a drop of blood would flow, when he said that life was gone, and that it was occasioned by the dislocation of the vertebrae of the neck, through coming in contact with the stone step.—The Lord Mayor remanded the prisoner till the evidence of the surgeon could be given.

## LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.—Some attention has been excited in Paris by a speech made by M. Guizot, at a dinner given to him by the electors of the cantons of Saint Pierre, and Mizidon, which he represents as a member of the Council-General of Calvados. After the dinner M. Guizot made a long address in reply to one made by the Mayor of Saint Pierre in proposing his health.

The *Journal des Débats* gives a long report of this speech, of which we make the following analysis:—M. Guizot began by saying that he would not complain of the attacks which had been made upon him; greater men than himself, men whose names were honoured in France, and whose example he was proud to follow, having been exposed to calumny and misrepresentation as well as himself. He then took a general review of the policy of the French Government, declaring that public liberty had never been more respected—that the rights of all under the institutions of July were secured by the just and equitable administration of the laws at home, and that France enjoyed the respect and esteem of foreign nations by the spirit of moderation that she evinced, without abating anything that was due to her dignity, and by the anxiety that she manifested for the maintenance of honourable peace. In neat but forcible terms he depicted the results of the Conservative policy as displayed by the Government, and defied his enemies to prove that the system under which they lived was not one of legal order and genuine liberty. "You have been present," said M. Guizot, "at the sittings of the Chambers; do you think that anything is wanting there to the freedom of speech? You read the journals; does the liberty of the press appear to you to be shackled? You have frequent elections; do you perceive that they are the work of corruption and violence? Do you feel that you are corrupted men? Do you not, on the contrary, feel that you enjoy with perfect security all your liberties and all their fruits? And as regards our foreign policy, do you not see clearly and positively that the object of the great act of 1830 has been really attained, and that the Government of our country is not only perfectly independent in Europe, but that the Governments and the people of Europe feel for us a proper degree of respect?"

PORTUGAL.—We have accounts from Lisbon to the 9th inst. The election for electors who are to choose the deputies for the next Cortes, took place on the 3rd instant throughout the whole country, and terminated almost everywhere in an overwhelming majority on the Government side. In the district of Lisbon, which returns 89 electors, the opposition could only succeed in bringing in one, i.e., for Villa Franca. At Portaleira the number of voters were—for the Ministers 10, for the Opposition 4. At Coimbra 37 to 4, at Aveiro 33 to none. At Vizeiro 37 to 8; and in about the same proportions as regards all the other districts, the only exceptions being those in which all the votes were on the government side. The result of the elections having removed all doubts as to the stability of the present administration, has placed it in a stronger position than ever. By accounts received from Algarve and Tras-os-Montes, it appears that the government have gained the elections in all the districts of both those provinces, as well as at Oporto.

UNITED STATES.—ARRIVAL OF THE "BRITANNIA."—The *Britannia* has arrived with New York papers a fortnight later than the last. They do not confirm the reported declaration of war by Mexico against the United States. The papers contain lamentable details of a great fire which occurred in the city of New York on the morning of the 19th ult. The whole area between Broad-street, Exchange-place, Beaver-street, and Broadway, has been consumed, and many buildings in adjacent streets, as will be seen from the following list. New street has been entirely destroyed. The number of buildings destroyed is as follows:—Broad-street, east side, 35; Ditto, west side, 34; New-street, east side, 20; Ditto, west side, 27; Broadway, east side, 28; Ditto, west side, 6; Whitehall-street, 2; Beaver-street, 43; Marketfield-street, 16; Stone-street, north side, 7; Exchange-place, south side, 13; Ditto, north side, 12; South William-street, west side, 18; Ditto, east side, 2;—making altogether 268 houses. The loss of property in merchandise and buildings is variously estimated, by some as high as six millions. It cannot, as yet, be precisely ascertained, but it is probably somewhere about five millions of dollars. The fire commenced at about half-past three, P.M., of the 19th, and was not subdued until noon of the following day. The papers from Halifax bring news of an awfully destructive fire at St. John's, New Brunswick, by which property to the amount of nearly £60,000 has been destroyed. The Great Western reached New York on the 21st ult., and sailed for Liverpool at noon of the 31st.

## METROPOLITAN NEWS.

LONDON AND GREENWICH RAILWAY.—A special meeting of the shareholders of this company was held in the London Tavern, on Wednesday. From the statement of accounts it appeared that after paying interest on the mortgage debt, and having satisfied or provided for every demand on the Company, the directors were enabled to recommend a dividend of 4s. 6d. per share on the unprivileged shares, to be payable on the 1st day of September next. Mr. Hitchins observed that on a previous occasion he had said he would not give £500 for the balance, and he was glad now to find that they had a balance of more than £5,000. The directors were entitled to great credit for the manner in which they brought the affairs of the Company to so satisfactory a termination. The report was approved of.

RICHMOND RAILWAY.—The first meeting of the shareholders in the above Company was held on Tuesday, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, E. Chadwick, Esq., in the chair. The report stated that satisfactory arrangements had been made with all the large proprietors on the line, so as to enable them immediately to commence; and also with the South-Western Company, who have undertaken to work the line, and secured to this Company the right of using the proposed extension from Nine Elms to Hungerford bridge. The directors remark with pleasure that the whole of the preliminary expenses have not amounted to £4,000. The balance sheet which accompanied the report shows, that up to this time the receipts have been £13,050 17s. 1d., and the disbursements £3,892 8s. 3d., leaving a balance in hand of £9,158 8s. 10d. The report was unanimously agreed to.

DEATH OF MR. BENJAMIN WOOD, M.P. FOR SOUTHWARK.—We regret to state that Mr. Benjamin Wood, one of the Members for Southwark, died on Wednesday, at his residence, Eltham Lodge, Kent. Mr. Wood had for some time been in a declining state of health. Mr. Wood was brother to the late Mr. Alderman Wood, and was first returned for Southwark in 1840. Mr. Pilcher, the late Sheriff of London and Middlesex, has already announced himself as a candidate for the vacant seat. Sir William Molesworth has also addressed the electors; and there is some talk of Mr. D. W. Harvey, but that gentleman cannot become a candidate unless he resigns his office of Commissioner of the City Police.

LEAP FROM HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.—Mr. H. Kenworthy, the well-known teacher of swimming, having undertaken, for a wager of ten sovereigns, to jump from the battlement of the Hungerford Suspension-bridge, and swim to Blackfriars-bridge, in the short space of ten minutes, with tide, he, accompanied by several friends, at six o'clock on Monday morning, made his appearance at the bridge, and shortly afterwards plunged from the centre of it into the water. He immediately afterwards was to be seen striking out manfully for the opposite bridge, which he attained within the time, amidst the cheers of the spectators, and thereby winning the wager. We regret to state, however, that Mr. Kenworthy suffered some slight injuries in his descent, by falling into the water sideways.

ASCENT OF MR. AND MRS. GREEN FROM VAUXHALL GARDENS.—The fancy fair and carnival *à fresco*, in aid of the funds of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Kennington-lane, was given on Monday and Tuesday, at Vauxhall. On the latter day, Mr. and Mrs. Green ascended in the Albion balloon, in the presence of at least 6000 spectators, from the Waterloo ground. At about half past six the aerial machine was distinctly visible for some time, and at length disappeared, taking a southerly direction. The gardens were crowded. The children of the school were in attendance, and a poetical address, written for the occasion by the Secretary of the Institution, was spoken by the senior boy. The band of the Grenadier Guards and the Yeager

brass band were in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Green, after a delightful aerial trip of about an hour, effected a safe descent at Eden Park, Beckenham, Kent, the seat of Edward Lawford, Esq.; and Mr. and Mrs. Green, after being hospitably entertained by Mr. Lawford, were conveyed by that gentleman, in his carriage, to the Beckenham station of the Croydon Railway. Mr. Green states that the balloon on leaving the gardens took a south-easterly direction, but subsequently got into a north-westerly current, and did not attain a greater altitude than 2800 feet.

IMPROVEMENTS IN HYDE PARK.—The Commissioners of Woods and Forests are employing upwards of two hundred labourers in Hyde Park, to carry out most extensive improvements, by filling up with earth all the uneven parts, and sowing them with grass seed, for the purpose of producing a level green sward. There are no less than seven new broad footpaths, making a line extending the entire length of the park, from Hyde Park corner to Cumberland-gate, others from the Albert and Victoria gates. Each gravel-walk will be 24 feet wide.

MORTALITY OF LONDON.—The mortality tables for the week ending last Saturday show a considerable increase in the number of deaths as compared with the returns of many previous weeks, which have, for some time past, been under the weekly averages of the last five "years" and "summers." This return, which gives 915, shows an excess of 14 over the average for the summers, which is 904. The average for the five years is 903. The number of births during the past week was 1,216.

SERIOUS FIRE IN FINSBURY.—On Wednesday morning between three and four o'clock, a fire of considerable extent, and which has involved a loss of property to the extent of full £8000, occurred in the neighbourhood of Sun-street, Finsbury. The subjoined is a list of the damage done:—31, Sun-street, Mr. J. V. Tucker, plane and tool maker, workshop and contents destroyed, dwelling-house and contents seriously damaged. Insured in the Phoenix. No. 32, Mr. P. Phillips, cane-merchant, damaged by fire and water. Insured in the Sun. No. 33, Mr. W. Bermingham, considerable injury by fire and water. Insured. No. 34, Mr. J. Waldegrave, surgeon, much burnt. Insured in the Globe. Mr. Henry Bateman, mahogany and timber merchant, mahogany rack, veneer stores, and counting-house, and other shedding destroyed. Insured in the Globe and Dissenters' Office. A dwelling-house in the timber-yard, occupied by Mr. Bateman's foreman, nearly consumed. Contents insured in the Sun. The list also details a host of small tenements in Long-alley, Crown-street, and Brewers'-court, which were damaged, the occupiers being for the most part uninsured.

SUDDEN DEATH AT DINNER.—On Tuesday Mr. Bedford held an inquest at the Coachmakers' Arms, Belgrave-mews, Belgrave square, Pimlico, on the body of G. Marriot, aged seventy-two. Deceased, by trade a coach-finisher, was in the employ of Messrs. Blizard, Coates, and Lee, and always enjoyed the best of health. On Monday last, about one o'clock, he sat down to dinner, and immediately after the first mouthful complained of a violent pain in his head. He became insensible. Bleeding was attempted, but proved ineffectual, and he died shortly afterwards. A verdict was returned of "Died by the visitation of God, from apoplexy."

## COURT AND HAUT TON.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS IN HOLLAND.—The King of the Netherlands arrived at Helvoetsluys on Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Dutch steam-frigate *Cyclops*. The Prince of Orange had arrived in the *Lion* steamer to meet his Majesty, who at once went on board the *Lion*, and proceeded to Rotterdam. His Majesty arrived at the Hague on Saturday, at four o'clock p.m.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER'S BIRTH-DAY.—Wednesday being the anniversary of the Queen Dowager's birth day, the Royal tradesmen testified their loyalty and attachment to the Queen by brilliant illuminations. The Opera House and other public buildings were also illuminated and decorated with the initials of the Queen Dowager's name and title. The metropolitan churches rang merry peals during the day and evening, and several tradesmen celebrated the event by public dinners.

SIR ROBERT PERL'S DEPARTURE FOR DRAYTON.—Sir Robert Peel left his residence in Whitehall-gardens, on Monday afternoon, for his seat, Drayton Manor, Staffordshire. Sir James Graham and Mr. Young had an interview with the right hon. baronet previous to his departure.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The marriage of Lord Augustus Loftus, fourth son of the Marquis and Marchioness of Ely, with Miss Emma Greville, eldest daughter of Captain Greville, and cousin of the Countess of March, was solemnized on Saturday, at Fulham, in the presence of a select circle of the friends of both families.

APPROACHING ARISTOCRATIC MARRIAGES.—A marriage is on the tapis between Selina Viscountess Milton, daughter of the Earl of Liverpool, and widow of the late Viscount Milton, M.P., and Mr. Foljambe, of Osberton Hall, Notts. The Hon. Miss Georgiana Liddell, daughter of Lord and Lady Ravensworth, is about to be married to his Excellency the Right Hon. John A. D. Bloomfield, eldest son of Lieutenant General Lord Bloomfield. The marriage of Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Manservants, and Mr. Egerton, second son of Mr. Wilbraham Egerton, of Tatton Park, is to be solemnized in a few days at Thoresby Park, the Earl of Manservants' seat in Nottinghamshire. The nuptials of Lady Jane Grimston, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, and the Earl of Caledon are to be solemnized early in October. It is understood that the marriage of Lord Macdonald and Miss Wyndham, daughter of the Countess of Listowel, is to be solemnized in the course of the following week. The day is not yet fixed for the marriage of Sir Thomas Hesketh, Bart., the Lady Arabella Fermor, sister of the Earl of Pomfret.

ACCIDENT TO THE CROWN.—Last Saturday afternoon, immediately after her Majesty had delivered her speech, and was in the act of quitting the House of Lords, the Duke of Argyll, whose office it is to bear the velvet cushion on which the crown is placed when her Majesty is retiring, stumbled, and the consequence was, that the crown fell off the velvet cushion on the floor. A number of the jewels fell out of it, and it was otherwise much injured. The jewels were all picked up and handed to the noble duke. On the accident being made known to her Majesty, she expressed her concern that his grace should have met with the slight accident, but was glad he was not hurt.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The following interesting extract of a letter from an officer of the *Erebus*, begun on the 1st of July, lat. 68 N., and finished at Whale Fish Islands, 10th of July, 1845, has just been received in London:—

"The fair wind which blew us from our friends the steamers did not last long, and we had one continued succession of westerly and north westerly winds (relieved now and then by a fair wind) till the 21st of June, when we found ourselves 134 miles due east of Cape Farewell. Here we had a calm with a most tremendous heavy swell, in which we did roll.

"During our journey thus far we went within 60 or 70 miles of Iceland, but it was too cloudy to see Mount Hecla. We did not go within 70 miles of Cape Farewell, but rounded it with a gale right aft, which followed us in our course with a heavy sea. We kept close reefed topsails and reefed fore-sail, and made the old craft go eight knots through it. The only difficulty we had was to get our gallant chief, Sir John Franklin, to shorten sail when it was wanted. He is full of life and energy, and of all men the most fitted for the command of an enterprise requiring sound sense and great perseverance; and he is full of benevolence and kindness withal.

"On the 22nd we were due north of Farewell. The thermometer had scarcely ever varied three degrees for three weeks, being at about 43°.

"On the 25th we saw our first iceberg in-shore, and the beautiful, sharp, craggy, snowy coast of Greenland in sight, an immense distance off. Since then we have had delightful smooth seas; sometimes a calm, sometimes a foul wind, light and much fair wind. For the last few days we have been nearer the land, and yesterday we were catching cod near the most glorious assemblage of ice, rock, snow, and clouds, being about thirty miles from the coast about Lichtenfels. To-day we have had a splendid breeze right aft, with a strong current in our favour. A most splendid semicircle of icebergs appear a head and under the land—we count sixty-five from the crow's nest; I have just been on deck looking at one above 200 feet high, which came down with a crash and raised a mist like an avalanche. It is now twelve o'clock though the sun is up, so I shall go to bed and finish this to-morrow, though it is a pity to sleep on such a fine, clear, sun shining night.

"Disco, July 2.—The scenery of Disco is grand in the extreme, and the beautiful icebergs in bold relief against the dark, almost black looking coast, present a curious appearance. We have had the most heavenly weather here, clear, calm, with a hot sun, and icebergs glistening in all directions. I counted 280 icebergs from the top of a hill the other night, big musquitos biting our party all the time.

"July 10.—We shall sail for Lancaster Sound on the 12th, with three years' provisions. You have no conception how happy and comfortable we all are; in fact there is incessant mirth from morning to night.

"We hear that this is supposed to be a remarkably clear season, but we have had no authentic information."

THE NEW COMMANDER IN CHIEF FOR THE CAPE.—Rear Admiral of the White James Richard Dacres has been appointed by the Earl of Haddington to succeed Rear Admiral of the Blue the Hon. Josceline Percy, C.B., as Commander in Chief of the naval forces on the Cape of Good Hope station.

DEATH OF ANOTHER FLAG OFFICER.—Rear Admiral of the Blue James Haldane Tait died at Edinburgh, on the 7th inst., aged 74.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FLEET.—The barque *Ceylon*, off Falmouth, on Monday, reports that she passed the experimental squadron, on the 9th inst., in lat. 46 44 N, long. 9 20 W.

MILITARY FLOGGING AT WINCHESTER.—Since the return of the 55th Regiment from China to this country, the conduct of the corps has been marked by frequent acts of insubordination, which have been followed by serious floggings in the barrack-yard, not less than sixteen men having been subjected to the punishment of the lash belonging to this portion of the army since they have returned from India. Two hundred courts martial have been held during the same term, and up to the present hour they continue, five having been held on Tuesday last.



#### GOtha AND COBURG.

We have, this week, the gratification of submitting to our readers the first of the Series of Views of the localities to be visited by her Majesty—the Duchy of Gotha, and the Principality of Coburg. A peculiar interest is associated with the authenticity of these Illustrations of the Royal Visit; his Royal Highness Prince Albert having, with his characteristic kindness and condescension, granted our artists access to the originals in his Royal Highness' collection of beautiful Drawings, for the special Illustration of this Journal.

Hereafter we shall be enabled to speak more in detail of these localities, in connexion with our chronicle of the Royal sojourn there. We shall, therefore, for the present, subjoin only a brief descriptive sketch of their attractions.

The Principality of COBURG is the southernmost of the Saxon independent States, and is surrounded by Schwartzburg, Meiningen, Hildburghausen, and Bavaria. The Valley of the Itz forms the greatest part of its territory. The province is intersected by five rivers, besides a few smaller streams; and along its northern boundary stretch the Thuringian mountains. The Principality is about one-fourth larger than Rutlandshire, having an area of not quite 200 square miles in extent. Joined, however, to Gotha, the territory of the Duke of Saxe-

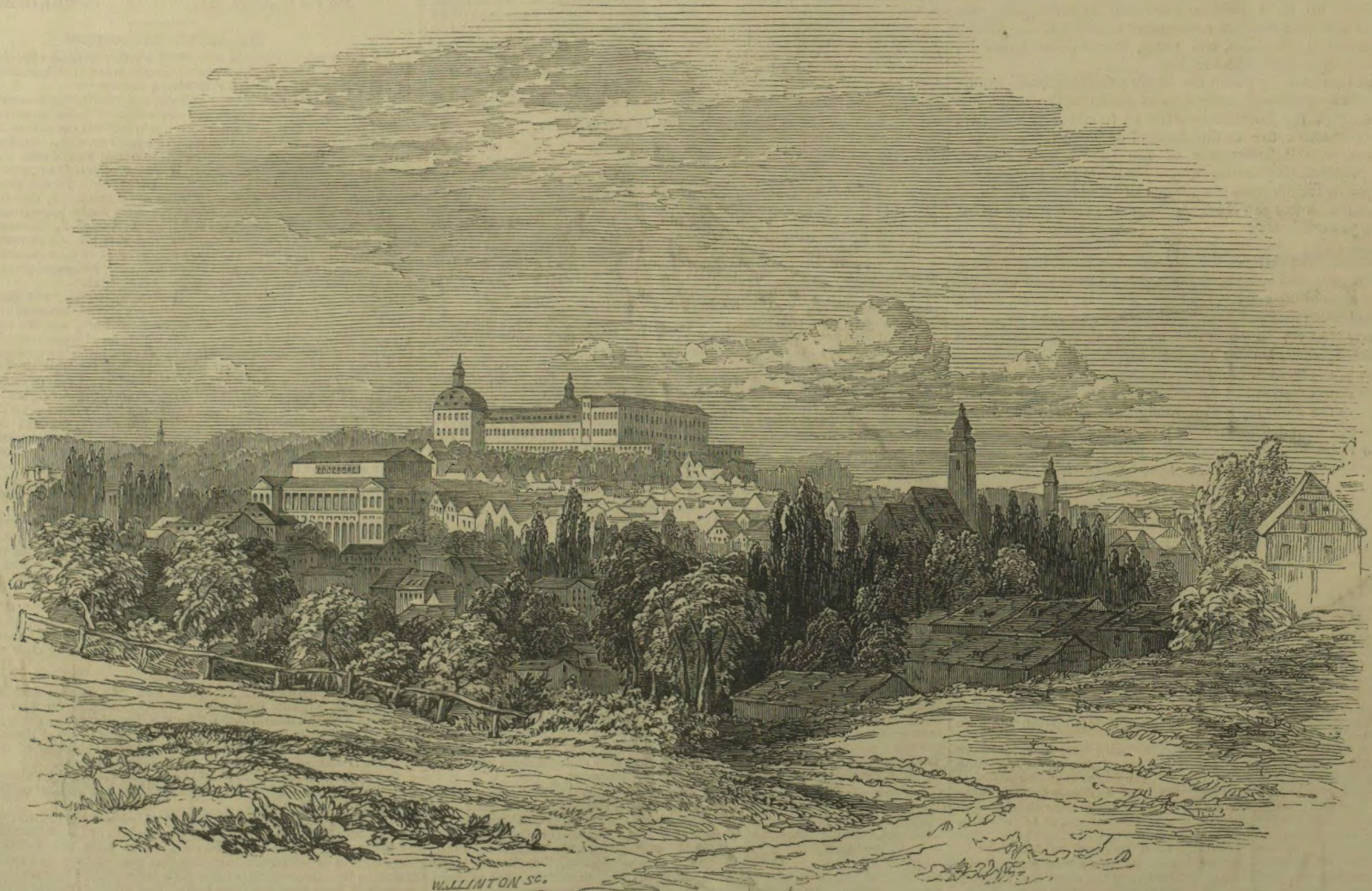
Coburg-Gotha equals in size the county of Dorset, having a surface of 1000 square miles. Much of this is mountainous and forest land: in the latter is comprised that portion of the Thuringian Forest which is called "the Black Forest," whose shades have been for ages peopled by the legendary lore of Germany. The whole district lies in the Landgravine of Thuringia, of which it is the best cultivated, most fertile, and prosperous portion; and it is one of the most thickly populated duchies in the empire.

GOtha, the chief town of the duchy, and, alternately with Coburg, the residence of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, has a population of 13,000 souls. It is situated beside the river Leine, on one side of a hill. Few towns in Germany, of the size and rank of Gotha, possess more public buildings, or more valuable collections, calculated to promote literature, science, and the fine arts: it is, certainly, one of the most classical towns in Germany. Duke Frederic VII. of Saxe-Gotha, left it a splendid museum; and the public library is the gift of the same Prince: it has, also, one of the finest Numismatic Cabinets in Europe; a fine collection of shells, observatory, gymnasium, &c. The *Almanach de Gotha* is, probably, the oldest publication of the kind in Europe. The palace called Friedenstein, is an extensive pile of building, surrounded by terraces, commanding fine views: it contains a picture-gallery, an

excellent cabinet of engravings, &c. The gardens belonging to the Palace, and the Boulevards round the town, are very agreeable promenades.

The locality of Gotha has many points of interest. On the right of the road to Erfurt may be discovered the three castles called the *Dreigleichen*. They are of great antiquity, and belonged to different owners; but were all struck with lightning in 1250. Mühlberg is a total ruin, except its donjon tower. Gleichen is in a better state of preservation, the roof remaining in part: the Wachsburg is still entire, and inhabited. They are situated in the most beautiful part of Thuringia. About half way between Gotha and Erfurt is the boundary of Prussia. At a little distance from the walls of Erfurt is the strong citadel of Eyriaksberg, on the right.

Dr. Bisset Hawkins observes: "It may with truth be said, that Gotha offers greater opportunities to the lovers of science and the fine arts than many of the larger and important capitals in Europe; and it adds much to the credit of those who are at the head of the numerous establishments in this delightful retreat of the Muses, that they are open to the public at large, with a liberality worthy of imitation. The astronomical observations by which Baron de Zach has rendered his name so conspicuous among the scientific men of Europe were made at



GOtha.—FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S DRAWING.



COBURG.—FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S DRAWING.

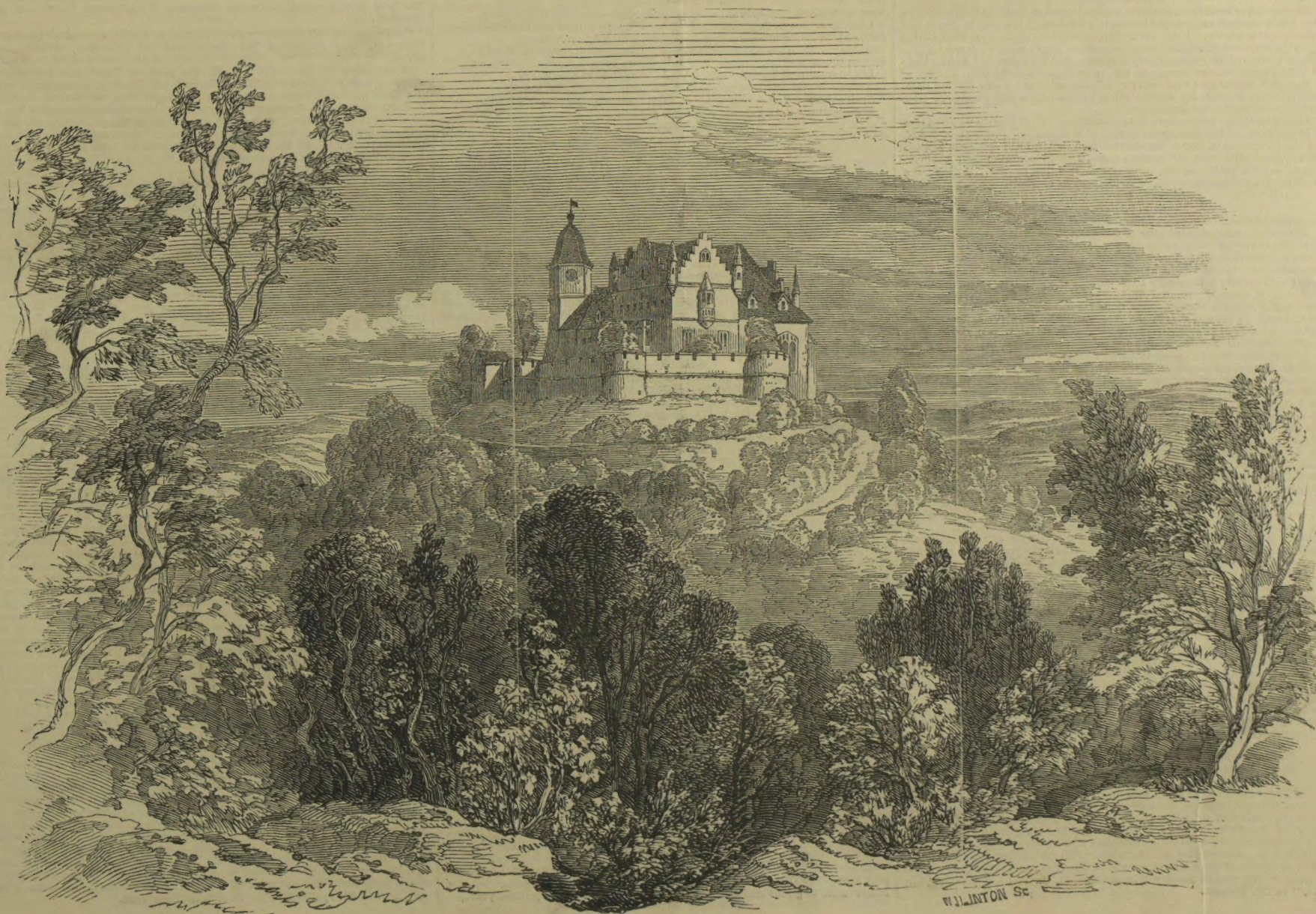
the observatory of Gotha, situated on a hill called Seebergen, at a short distance out of the town, and a little to the right of the road that leads to Erfurt. It forms a very prominent object in the surrounding landscape, being at an elevation of 1189 feet above the level of the sea. Since the departure of the Baron, the observations have been continued by his successor, Professor Lindenau, a name well known to astronomers. Literature has always flourished at Gotha; some of the most celebrated German writers in our days are either natives or residents in this town."

COBURG, the other residence-town of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, contains about 9500 inhabitants: it is built in the middle of a

beautiful valley, on the banks of the Itz, and affords many attractions to visitors. As Gotha is devoted to learning and literature, so Coburg seems to be made the scene of pleasure: it has a theatre, several concert-rooms, and a number of casinos. The Palace, called Ehrenburgh, built in 1549, contains some handsome apartments, and some fine specimens of marqueterie in the doors; indeed, Coburg is, to this day, celebrated for that manufacture. The theatre belongs to the Duke, and is extremely well conducted. In the Arsenal there are some fine armour, and arms of all ages; and some trophies won by the Prince of Coburg, Austrian Field Marshal. The ancient castle of the Dukes of Coburg is situated on a commanding eminence overhanging

the town. Some of the chambers are in their original condition: the rooms occupied by Luther, the bedstead he slept upon during his concealment here, and the pulpit in which he preached in the curious old Chapel, are shown. The Castle was besieged by Wallenstein in the Thirty Years' War; and he made the town of Coburg his head-quarters for some time.

KALENBERG, the subject of the third Illustration, is one of the many ducal country-houses: it is beautifully situated in a park and forest abounding with game of every description: its turreted angles, its bell-tower, and indented gables, render it a very picturesque pile. The interior is most elegantly fitted up.



SCHLOSS KALENBERG.—FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT'S DRAWING.

## THE THEATRES.

## HER MAJESTY'S.

The "Giuramento" was repeated on Tuesday night, and produced on us a more favourable impression than on first hearing. This, however, is, we believe, entirely owing to the perfection with which this opera is performed. It can never take its place as a work of intrinsic merit; but the music is, in general, highly advantageous to the voice, while the libretto offers one or two situations in which the dramatic genius of Grisi and Moriani find full scope. Such is the duet between *Eloisa* and *Bianca*, "Di Viscardo a son amante," in which the acting of Grisi is magnificent, while her voice takes some of its highest notes with admirable certainty and vigour; such, above all, is the last duet between Grisi and Moriani, "L'Adorava qual s'adora." The music of this *morceau* is exquisite, plaintive, and fully adapted to the words and situation, and certainly it could not be in better hands than those of these two great artists. But though the pieces we have mentioned, and one or two others, are highly pleasing, our opinion remains unchanged as to the general merits of the music, which is poor and deficient in melody; nor does the interest of the libretto, except in the cases we have mentioned, redeem its defects.

Of another revival, "Alma," we must speak with far less qualified praise. This ballet is brilliant in the extreme. It offers a singular contrast to the poetical and dreamy "Eoline," parts of which have been performed on the same occasions. "Alma" is characterised by variety, splendour, and every adventurous attraction, while the original idea and the manner in which it is worked out are far inferior to the ballet we have mentioned. The "ball scene" offers one of the most brilliant spectacles we have witnessed at this or any other theatre. The dazzling light emitted by the gas, not only produces its effect on the stage, but throws radiance over the whole house; and, certainly, Her Majesty's Theatre, with its graceful *contour*, its succession of boxes, and, above the number of lovely faces they enshrine, its galleries crowded to the roof, is at all times a most attractive sight, and thus lighted up is truly magnificent.

The performance of "Don Giovanni" on Thursday afforded matter of rejoicing to all true dilettanti amongst the Opera votaries. It celebrated fittingly the approaching close of the Opera season, and will leave most brilliant reminiscences behind. In addition to the magnificent music of Mozart, this opera affords great attraction by including so many of the artists of the *troupe*, each so well adapted to his part, the most insignificant of which are so ably filled. The part of *Leporello*, which, as now performed, presents the greatest incongruity between the character to be represented and the *personnel* of the artist who enacts it, is rendered, by the genius of Lablache, the most perfect, as well as the most amusing, in the whole cast. We question whether, in our reminiscences of this opera, Lablache does not stand pre-eminent, although his very first aria, "Notte giorno faticar mal mangiare, mal dormire," carries with it the very flattest contradiction in the portly person and giant proportions of the *Leporello* who sings it.

## SURREY.

On Monday evening Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews commenced their engagement at this theatre. The performances were Mr. Mathews's "comedy" of "Used Up," and the *vaudeville* entertainments of "A Loan of a Lover," and "Patter versus Clatter." Here was, indeed, sharp practice for Mr. Mathews, but he played with unflinching spirit in each piece. The theatre was densely crowded in every part, and the heat was excessive, though relieved by the redolence of orange peel, by way of *entr'acte*. In "Used Up" (by the bye, a well-constructed piece, with a capital plot, from first to last), Mr. Mathews performed with somewhat more breadth than he was wont to do at the Haymarket Theatre, a judicious alteration suggested by the change of locality: the absurdities of the *blasé* in the first act, and the excellent points of the reclaimed *roué* in the second, were equally appreciated by the audience; and, of course, the "hammer and tongs" of *Ironbrace*, lost not a whit of its significance by its transplantation. The other parts were moderately well filled; though the gentleman who played the part of the Lawyer did not follow his brief, but travelled strangely out of the author's record, by his anxiety overmuch to make the part a *character*. In the "Loan of a Lover," Madame Vestris was well received, though scarcely with the proportion of applause to have been expected from so full a house; neither was the repetition of "I've no money" called for by the audience. Nevertheless, Madame Vestris performed *Gertrude* with her accustomed talent, as did her accomplished husband the part of *Peter Spyk*; so that the moderate share of approbation become somewhat too *fade*, even for a "Surrey" audience. At its close, the two *artistes* were called for, and appeared, according to the rule of homage established in more courtly quarters. In the third piece, Mr. Mathews's *patter* song was duly relished, and loudly applauded; and, forsooth, it is a clever accomplishment of its class. The evening's entertainments terminated with the "Lady of the Lake"—a genuine "Surrey" stock-piece, produced, if we mistake not, during the Dibdin dynasty, when George the Third was King.

## ADELPHI.

In consequence of the absence of Madame Celeste from the theatre, a change has taken place in the first piece; and "Sweethearts and Wives" has been represented with much effect, having been revived upon the occasion of Miss Woolgar's benefit last week, that lady playing *Laura*, the character originally performed by Madame Vestris. This operatic comedy, by Mr. Kenney, sen., was first produced at the Haymarket in 1823, and then ran fifty-one nights, the cast including Terry, Liston, Vining, Madame Vestris, Miss Chester, Miss Love, and Mrs. C. Jones. The present revival is sustained by Messrs. Wright, Selby, and Lambert, and Mrs. Yates, whom we rejoice to see again, and goes off with a good share of approbation from very fair audiences. Mr. Selby's humorous interlude of "Powder and Ball" still creates roars of laughter; but we regret to find "Dramatic Cookery," respecting the merits of which piece we expressed a pretty plain opinion last week, still keeping its place in the bill. "Mrs. Caudle" is underlined as about to appear. Surely the playgoing public have had enough of this subject, so amusing in "Punch," but very dreary in its dramatic adaptation.

## HAYMARKET.

Considering the crowd of musical celebrities collected at Bonn for the Beethoven Festival, it is somewhat remarkable to find the services of Leopold de Meyer and John Parry still available. They have both appeared during the week at this house, on the same evenings, and have both been loudly encored every night—the former in one of his extraordinary fantasias, and the latter in "Young England." The houses, we are happy to say, have also been very good, in spite of "Mrs. Caudle," which goes very badly. Mr. Hudson, who is now playing here, from the Adelphi, is decidedly an acquisition to the Haymarket company; he is an intelligent and agreeable performer.

On Monday next, the profits from the performance at this theatre will be given in aid of the funds of the Charitable Society of Dancers and Teachers of Music. Part of the companies of four of the metropolitan theatres will appear in a popular Comedy, Interlude, and Burlesque; some musical performances; a *Diversissement*; and the Polka, by Mr. Webster and Madame Celeste. With such a *bill*, in aid of so excellent an object, we anticipate an overflow.

## LYCEUM.

An agreeable two-act farce—albeit somewhat of the old school—from the pen of Mr. Milnehall, was produced here towards the close of last week, under the name of "The Governor's Wife," and was perfectly successful, being well adapted to the corps of the theatre, and carefully played by all the parties concerned in its representation. The plot turns upon an amusing *equivoque*. The *Governor of Surinam* (Mr. Diddiear), is expecting a wife from England, *Miss Somerdown* (Miss Dawson), who is, however, beloved by *Lieutenant Short* (Mr. Keely). The *Governor* makes over his dignity for a time to *Hickory Short* (Mr. Keely) for certain reasons. In the ship that brings over *Miss Somerdown*, is also *Letty Briggs* (Mrs. Keely), a belle of Cow-cross, who, when the vessel lands, is mistaken from her gaudy *toilette*, for the intended bride. She is introduced to *Hickory Short* as such; and this double mistake gives rise to a very amusing series of blunders, until a proper dramatic *déroulement* sets everybody to rights, and brings them to their proper or desired positions. We have said the piece was very well acted. Keely, as the false *Governor*, in a cocked hat, feather, and jack boots, was sufficiently droll to save a piece of less merit; and his clever little wife was quite equal to herself in anything she has ever done, which is no mean praise. Mr. Collier, too, played a black *Neb*, with great humour; and in a Banjo singing and dancing duet with Mrs. Keely, was loudly encored—the air being the popular one of "The Boatman Dance." Nor must we omit to make direct mention of Mr. Frank Matthews, whose hot-headed, honourable, bewildered, old *Captain Holystone*, was one of the most clever impersonations we have seen for some time. His indignation at the deception, and surprise in the duel-scene, produced roars of laughter. The "Object of Interest" followed, and the entertainments concluded with "Cinderella," which, is hastening to its ninetieth representation.

We wish, in all candour, to allude to the general style and class of pieces produced at this theatre. With the exception of the burlesques, which appear to be its staple support, the majority of plays brought forward are flimsy and unsatisfactory to an extreme degree. There has ever been a want of a good first piece, since this Management commenced its successful career—for such, undoubtedly, it has hitherto been. And we believe that the public now look for something more. The question is, whether they have not a right to expect it, after the patronage they have bestowed upon the establishment. At the beginning of the speculation, whilst it yet remained a mere venture, this feeling was, of course, different; but now we need not disguise the fact that the Company is a weak one. We do not mean, individually, for every member of it is deserving of commendation, but generally—that is to say, it is inefficient as regards the performance of a standard comedy, or a drama of the modern school; and, since the first season, it has been further weakened by the loss of Miss Fortescue and Miss Woolgar. We admit, there is a dearth of dramatic talent at present; but still, we think, there are several performers, of good reputation, both ready and willing to join the Lyceum corps, were proper overtures made to that effect.

Next Thursday, although an "extra night," and the last of the season, will be a most brilliant one at Her Majesty's Theatre. All our favourites will appear: first, the delightful Castellan, Moriani, and Fornasari, in "Lucia di Lammermoor;" afterwards "La Prova d'un Opera Seria," in which we shall have an opportunity of taking a laughing leave of our old favourite, Lablache. Numerous other entertainments in the ballet department will follow, including "Ondine," to which both Lucile Grahn and Cerito will contribute their share. The Princess's Theatre arrived at the close of its season on Monday evening, but advertised to re-open again on Thursday. This proceeding, we believe, was merely to bring the engagements of several members of the Company to a close, as nothing in the way of novelty was announced, beyond a revival of "The Brigand," or Mr. Wallack.

A three-act comic drama is underlined at the LYCEUM, as well as a new farce we believe the latter is from the pen of Mr. Oxenford.

At SADLER'S WELLS, representations of the different plays have taken place during the past week, of which we have had, from time to time, to speak in terms of high commendation. The next novelty will be the *reprise* of Massinger's "Fatal Dowry."

The good city of Canterbury was enlivened during last week by the amateur performances of the members of the Cricket Clubs, who played four nights at the theatre; their *répertoire* comprising the pieces of "Why Did You Die?" "The Wreck Ashore," "The Beulah Spa," "The Original," "The Captain of the Watch," &c. The audiences were composed of all the principal families of Canterbury and the neighbourhood, and the theatre was each night crowded to excess. The principal female characters were supported by Miss Mordaunt, Mrs. A. Wigan, and Miss Pearson. The playbills contained the names of Lord H. Brooke, Sir George Conway, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, the Hon. J. Percival, and H. de Vavasour, T. de Burgh, G. F. Bentinck, — Taylor, Albert Smith, T. K. Holmes, E. Dewing, and E. Hartopp, Esqs.; together with many others who have done good service to the wickets at "Lord's." There was an excellent amateur band in the orchestra, led by — Felix, Esq., whose work on "The Bat" some of our cricketing friends may be acquainted with. The whole meeting passed off with the greatest *éclat*.

## A RAMBLE IN THE REALMS OF CHAT.

And so all the Fun has gone out of the Country? No! No! There will always be a spice of hilarity in Old England, come what will; and there is too much natural cheerfulness in this healthy land of ours even to envy those who leave it the mirth and enjoyment they may carry away.

So, though we know that Momo, for the nonce, is holding chief court in the Netherlands among the Ancient Palaces; in thoughtful Germany, and on the breezy banks of the Rhine; in high Palaces of the Continent, and places of Foreign Festival and Foreign Pomp;—yet, that unto these bright feast of merriment our dear-loved Queen is gone—first and most honoured guest at the feast of the heart's lightness; and thus it is, in the jolly and loyal land of John Bull we can find native echoes for all the absent Jor! It shouts its wild way noisily over to our shores, and noisily our shores respond to the loud voices of the happiness that Foreign Grace, Goodwill, and Hospitality are around our Queen. We are not like the sad Irish—we can afford to laugh at and with our Absentees—and even to sing with the lungs of Festival a Chorus of Encouragement to them to depart.

Fly away, Baron! and  
Fly away, Lord!  
Take your great purses  
For bed and for board!  
Pay fifty guineas  
For shelter per day!  
We do not grudge you—  
Away! Lords! Away!

Fly away, Fashion,  
And rich Middle Life;  
Tradesman; leave counter—  
To-day treat your wife!  
Merchant, lock desk up,  
Your City dame, fine,  
Has trimmed all her flounces  
To flaunt on the Rhine!

Artist, get up, Sir,  
Your easel put by;  
Carry your sketch book  
And sketch as you fly!  
Poet, you lazy dog—  
Now is your time  
For a real Royal handbook,  
And written in rhyme.

Yes; this is about the song, and some wag has already advertised a premium for the two men and one woman that are to be left in London. England is, in fact, gone to Germany, and a glorious holiday she is making of her brief and spirited stay.

And what a welcome we have had! What a return for our old Royal hospitalities! And how the dear people—creatures of a thoughtful race, with whom joy when it cometh sparkles deep,—as stars shine up brightest from the deepest waters—how they have put on their holiday garb, and radiant with smiles and colours poured a grand and glorious stream of the heart's best pleasure upon the path of the Sovereign, whom they have cheered along. Look at our page to-day. See how much the free, the beautiful, the sparkling, the peaceful, and the picturesque Art—from the sketch-book of the painter, and even from the portfolio of the Prince—has brought with her from the sincere and faithful Netherlands—from enthusiastic and intellectual Germany!

At home—while we are looking abroad for festivity—we are glancing and hoping that the harvest may bring us food—if not a feast. London has for the last few days certainly been a drenched city, and half fearing for the fields, we were beginning to warble the old ditty of dolo—

"For the rain it raineth every day!"

But we are told that the weather in the fields hath been finer, and that in many fertile reigns of agriculture,

"The crops have won their gold."

For the sake of the poor, first and next, for the peaceful policy of the country, we fervently desire to be able to record "the smile upon the soil," and not the "rotting wheat ear," or the "broken hope."

What a desertion have we not experienced in the world of Music—and not we only, but Paris and other great cities of Europe; all—all—gone to Bonn, which is equivalent to going to good—and mad, music mad, for the Beethoven Celebration.

Liszt, with his excited eyes  
Looking genius as they gleam,  
In his Nature's Paradise—  
Shining while he swells the stream—  
Stream of harmony, and strain  
Like the voice of Music's soul  
Never mind shall hear again  
Such a glory round it roll!

We must vary the catalogue of these a little—

JULES JANIN  
Upon the Rhine,  
As whom few are  
Such reviewer.

TAGLISCHECK, FISCHOFF, and REELSTAB,  
MOSCHELES, DULOKEN—and a dab  
At rhyming he must surely be,  
Who rhymes, O STAUDIGL, with thee;  
And goes on making further hits  
With MANTHANS, SCHINDLER, SCHLOSS, and SCHMITZ,  
Bringing in Vivian Fischbeck Dotz,  
And if Miss Sachs were called "CARLOTTA,"  
We should not then have much to do,  
In closing—Sir George Smart—with you!

There now is a regular Court Circular list of company with names of fame—and yet it is only a sprinkling of mind, intellect, and power, that has gathered around the Statue of the Sculptured Beethoven.

*Après tout cela*, shall we touch upon the railway accidents and the Coroner's inquests. No! we won't have the festivities interfered with.

**SUMMARY OF RAILWAY FACTS.**—The Report of the Select Committee on the London and York Railway Bill states that the Committee have examined thirteen cases, in which the allegations contained in the petitions against the bill were not sustained. The Committee gave their opinion that the evidence taken before them is sufficient to induce them to recommend to the house that the bill should not be allowed to be read a second time, until a further investigation has taken place; but as their inquiries cannot be brought to a close during the present Session, they do not propose to report the evidence taken before them to the house.—Such is the fever for railway speculation in Glasgow that, on a line near that city, on which a deposit of £2 10s. was required per share, shares soon ran up to a premium of £5 and £10 per share; and on one day they were quoted as high as £23 and £24, but on the day following they fell to £17, and now they are running up again, in consequence of what is called "time" or "bear" bargains, ruinous to some, but profitable enough to others.—During the late Session, Parliament sanctioned the construction of 2000 miles of railways in England and Scotland, and of 560 miles in Ireland. This is in effect to double the extent of the railways of Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland. The capital authorized to be raised in shares for this purpose amounts to £31,680,000, exclusive of £6,800,000 required for the Irish lines, making in all £38,480,000, to be applied in England within the next two or three years for our own railways. The average cost of the new railways is nearly £15,000 per mile, and that of the old exceeds £30,000 per mile.—It appears by an official return that the gross total portion of time consumed by all the committees entrusted with the investigation of the different railway projects last Session, amounted to 559 days, being an average of nearly 13 days for each committee. Many committees did not sit more than one, two, or three days, and one 83 days—nearly one-fourth of the year. Upwards of 130 of these railway bills were recommended, out of 240 (in round numbers) proposed to the favourable notice of the House of Commons.—The South Devon Railway is proceeding rapidly; and the opening of the line between Exeter and Newton may be looked for within a very few months.—The amount subscribed for new lines this year in sums above £2000 is, in Manchester, upwards of £6,000,000, and in Liverpool, upwards of five.—The directors of the Canterbury and Dover Railway have determined on extending their line to Herne Bay.—The new standing orders of the House of Commons relative to the passing of railways have been printed. The most important is that which increases the deposit money upon new railway shares from five to ten per cent.—The Select Committee on the London and York Railway (Sheffield branch) reported that the preamble was not proved.—That portion of the Whitehaven Junction Railway, extending from Maryport across the Derwent to Workington, is expected to be opened for the conveyance of goods and passengers before the close of the present year.

## COUNTRY NEWS.

## THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN RAILROAD.

The inquest on the body of John Cauldwell, a guard in the service of the Eastern Counties Railway, who died in Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge, on Friday week, from the effects of injuries received on the Monday previous, when the accident occurred on this line in the neighbourhood of Littlebury, was resumed on Monday at the Town hall.—After evidence had been given as to facts already known, Mr. Phepps, engineer of the line, deposed that he had examined the scene of the accident. He thought the immediate cause was the damage to the rail by a blow or jump of the wheel, and witness described the mode in which the same might occur, as in his former evidence. He thought that a slight curve was safer than a straight line, as it kept the engine to its work and prevented oscillation.—Mr. H. Mitchell, house-surgeon to Addenbrooke's Hospital, deposed that John Cauldwell was brought to the hospital on the Monday previous. He was suffering from a severe compound fracture of the left leg. The right leg was slightly bruised, but not otherwise injured. He was sensible when he first was brought to the hospital. The next day he became insensible. There were occasional signs of sensibility, but not of intelligence; and he remained in that way till he died on Friday night. The leg was set, but was not going on favourably. It must have been amputated. The deceased made a statement to witness, but not with the prospect of death before him. Witness did not tell him that he was likely to die. Witness thought that the contrary would be the case when deceased made his statement.—The Coroner ruled that, under the circumstances described, the statement could not be received.—Cox, the labourer, who was examined at the Littlebury inquest, repeated most of the evidence he then gave. He repeated that the train went down the incline at the rate of fifty miles an hour.—The Coroner said that there was great discrepancy in the accounts as to the rate of speed. The witness now under examination stated it to be about fifty miles an hour. Whether he could be deemed as good and accurate a judge as Mr. Fernihough and others, who stated that it was not more than thirty-five miles an hour at the most, was for the jury to decide.—The opinion of the jury was, that the evidence of Cox, although given honestly, was erroneous with regard to time and speed.—The engine-driver, John Young, was here called, and was examined at length.—After the reception of some other unimportant evidence, the Coroner summed up.—The Jury then retired; and, after about half an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of "Accidental death, with a deodand of 1s. on the engine, and 1s. on the carriage." They also added a recommendation to the Company to have direction posts at all inclines on the line.—Mr. Hanson (the local director of the traffic department on the line) said he was happy to be enabled to inform the jury that those posts had been already ordered.

The adjourned inquest on the remains of Richard Peak, the fireman, who met his death by the crushing of the engine in the late fatal accident on this line, was held at the Falcon, Littlebury, on Wednesday.

Major-General Pasley, the Government Inspector of Railways, was examined.

The following is the most material part of his evidence. He said—"The spot where the accident took place was about one mile and a half from the summit of the incline. I asked a number of questions of the persons present. From all I heard and observed, I have formed my opinion decidedly as to the cause of the accident."

The Coroner:—What is that opinion?—Major-General Pasley: That it must have arisen from excessive speed on a new railroad not yet thoroughly consolidated, whilst descending a gradient of 1 in 150 feet, and along a curve of two miles radius. I think, also, that it is possible that the outer rail of the curve might not have been raised quite so high as is usual and proper on curves in proportion to the radius. The question was agitated amongst the persons present on the day of the investigation, whether the wedge might not have been removed, so as to leave a bad joint, and that thus the end of the rail was thrown up. I did not think so, and I still do not, because the splinter on the rail was from a downward blow. I think the jumping of the engine was of such an excessive nature as to cause the injury; and this jumping was such as might have been caused by excessive speed. In lines newly opened, the railroad may subside a little, the level of the sleepers giving way. Had the train been going at moderate speed, the accident, I am of opinion, would not have happened.

The witness was closely questioned. In continuation, he proceeded to say:—I have always found a solution for whatever accident I have been appointed to investigate, however mysterious it may have appeared at first. I am quite of opinion that the curve and the incline together ought to be taken into account, and the speed, consequently, much slackened.

Several passengers were then examined, whose evidence as to the speed was contradictory, some saying the train was moving very quickly, and others that it was going at an ordinary railway speed.

The Coroner having summed up, the Jury, after two hours' deliberation, returned the following verdict:—"Accidental death, and a deodand of £150 on the engine." The Jury, with their verdict, expressed a hope that no quick train will be allowed to run upon any part of the line below Stortford, till it has become much more consolidated. They also hoped that no train would be allowed to run without at least two trucks between the tender and the passengers' carriages, and that posts may be put up to mark where the incline begins and ends.

**SUNDERLAND ELECTION.**—The nomination took place on Wednesday amid much uproar. Joshua Wilson, Esq., proposed Colonel Thompson, and John Hills, Esq., seconded the nomination. J. Wright, Esq., proposed Mr. Hudson, and Richard Spor, Esq., seconded the nomination. The show of hands was in favour of Colonel Thompson. A poll was demanded, which was appointed for Thursday. The result was the re-election of Mr. Hudson. The poll closed as follows:—Mr. Hudson, 627; Colonel Thompson, 497—Majority, 130.

**CIRENCESTER ELECTION.**—Mr. Cripps, the newly-appointed Lord of the Treasury, was re-elected for Cirencester on Thursday, without opposition.

**MONUMENT TO THE LATE SIR W. FOLLETT AT EXETER.**—A preliminary meeting was held at the Guildhall, Exeter, on Monday, at which the Mayor presided, and which was attended by the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon, S. T. Kekewich, Esq., Montague B. Bere, Esq., Dr. Shapter, J. Carew, Esq., H. Hooper, Esq., J. Gidley, Esq., and other influential gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood. Resolutions in favour of the erection of a monument to the memory of Sir W. Follett were unanimously adopted, a Committee was appointed, and a subscription amounting to £100 was entered into on the spot.

**SERIOUS COLLIERY ACCIDENT.**—An accident of a very serious nature occurred on Saturday morning last, at Moira colliery, near Ashby de la Zouch, in the county of Leicester, from an explosion of hydrogen gas in the Bath pit, from the effects of which three persons afterwards died, and fifteen others were seriously injured; several of whom, it is expected, are so dangerously hurt as almost to preclude the hope of their recovery. An inquest was held on the bodies on Monday, when it appeared that the gas by which the explosion was caused had exuded from the roof of the pit, and that no blame was attributable to the managers of the colliery.

**MURDER AT LEICESTER.**—A murder of an appalling character took place at Leicester last Monday morning. A young man, about four or five and twenty, named William Hubbard, a framework knifer, had lived with his wife for some time past in a small tenement in a street leading out of what is called the Newarkes (occupying it jointly with his brother, who is also married). Their matrimonial career, but of about three years' duration, has been, it is said, most unhappy from its commencement. The wife is reported to have been a still, steady, hardworking woman, and he, on the contrary, to have been improvident and idle. They had been, it was well known, but poorly off for some time, and he was determined at length to fall upon the union house. This his wife strenuously resisted, declaring her intention of proceeding to Birmingham, where her mother and a sister reside, and there earn her own maintenance. Monday morning was fixed upon by her for her departure. About six o'clock the husband, who, in consequence of their disagreements, had slept at his mother's overnight, knocked at the door, desiring his wife to let him in. She came down with but her night clothes on, and had no sooner opened the door than a scream was heard, and the brother and his wife coming down on the instant, the unfortunate woman, the wife of William Hubbard, was found weltering in her blood, with a frightful gash in her throat from which the life-blood was still flowing in torrents; indeed, she was only noticed to give one deep sigh ere she expired. The murderer fled immediately, and, crossing into a field, hid himself in a dike nearly covered with nettles and briars, where he was found, in less than an hour afterwards, by some lads, who, with a great number of police-men and others, instantly set off in search of him. He made little or no resistance, but expressed his sorrow for what he had done. No knife, razor, or other instrument with which the deed appears to have been committed was found either upon him or upon the premises where the murder was perpetrated. The most probable supposition is that the instrument was a knife used for the purpose of scraping the butchers' stalls in the market-place, at which the prisoner's father had been employed for many years, and this may have been thrown in the river by the unhappy man himself as he passed. Hubbard underwent a brief examination on Monday morning before two of the borough magistrates, and was remanded. The prisoner's demeanour before the magistrates was remarkably cool and collected.—An inquest was held on Wednesday on the body of Hannah Hubbard, when a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against William Hubbard, her husband, was returned. The horrible affair has excited the greatest sensation in Leicester. Hubbard still maintains the same indifference which has marked his demeanour since his apprehension. It appears that there was considerable struggling between the ill-fated woman and her murderer, for several other wounds on the face, neck, and breast of the deceased, evidently inflicted with the same instrument as the larger wound in the throat, were discovered. Another circumstance strikingly confirmatory of this supposition is, that on police-sergeant Wright examining the hands of the prisoner at the gaol he discovered a rather severe cut across the nail of the middle finger of the left hand. Soon after the verdict was returned by the jury, it was announced that a piece of calico much stained with blood, as if some one had wiped his bloody fingers upon it, had been found very near to the spot where the knife was discovered.

## NATIONAL SPORTS.

## TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.—The "set" made against Weatherbit for the last eight or ten days by parties who may be supposed to get good "tips," is far from encouraging to those who, following "money" rather than public running, have pinned their faith upon him. The betting this afternoon deprived him of the lead in the market, and served to strengthen the impression that he has had some "bad nights" since the race at Goodwood; nor is his companion, Old England, by any means so steady as he was. On the other hand, Mentor, the Merry Monarch (said by some folks to be a roarer), Annandale, and The Baron, are powerfully supported. Business generally, owing to departures for the moors, slack.

WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES.		
2 to 1 agst Intrepid	2 to 1 agst Yardley	
GREAT YONSHIRE STAKES.		
4 to 1 agst Miss Ella	5 to 1 agst Annandale	
ST. LEGER.		
11 to 2 agst Port's lot (t)	13 to 1 agst Annandale	30 to 1 agst Connaught Ranger
5 to 1 — Mentor	18 to 1 — Pantasa (t)	33 to 1 — Red Robia
11 to 2 — Weatherbit	20 to 1 — The Baron	33 to 1 — Fitz-Allen
10 to 1 — The Merry Monarch (t)	25 to 1 — All the mares (t)	30 to 1 — Wood Pigeon (t)
12 to 1 — Old England (t)	25 to 1 — Old Ireland	50 to 1 — Idas (t)

10 to 1 agst Stung  
25 to 1 — Arkwright (t)  
50 to 1 — Gink (t)  
50 to 1 — Tragic (t)  
50 to 1 agst Holloway (t)  
TUESDAY.—The Danebury crack, Weatherbit, after some oscillations that might puzzle the natives, was finally backed at 6 to 1, by "good men and true;" and Mentor being rather at a discount, was reinstated in the premiership. The Merry Monarch was in general estimation at an improved figure, and a host of anxious speculators "got on" The Baron and Old Ireland, at 22 and 25 to 1, the "market" having a decided upward tendency at the close. Old England gave way, and there were more laying against Annandale and Pantasa than backers. The Pacha's advance is a consequence of the running of Mr. Painter's Jerred filly at Wolverhampton; he is not in much request. The general prices at the close were as follow:—

WOLVERHAMPTON RACES.—MONDAY.		
6 to 1 agst Castaway filly (t)	18 to 1 agst Lady Sarah (t)	20 to 1 agst Everton
ST. LEGER.		
3 to 1 agst J. Day's lot	16 to 1 agst Annandale (t)	30 to 1 agst Fitz-Allen (t)
2 to 1 — Port's lot (t)	17 to 1 — Pantasa	30 to 1 — Wood Pigeon
6 to 1 — Weatherbit (t)	20 to 1 — The Baron	30 to 1 — Connaught Ranger
6 to 1 — Mentor	22 to 1 — Old Ireland	40 to 1 — Kedge (t)
9 to 1 — The Merry Monarch	25 to 1 — The Pacha	50 to 1 — Idas (t)
12 to 1 — Old England (t)	30 to 1 — Worthless	50 to 1 — Ducan Durras (t)
DARBY.		
10 to 1 agst Stung	25 to 1 agst Turk (t)	40 to 1 agst Spithead
25 to 1 — Arkwright (t)	25 to 1 — Brocardo (t)	

Match of 100 sovs.—Mr. E. Emery's Glideway, 4 yrs, 8st, received from Mr. Datson's Scrambler, 3 yrs, 7st.

PRODUCE STAKES OF 10 SOVS EACH, WITH 25 ADDED.		
Mr. Bristow's Carissima	..	.. (G. Whitehouse) 1
Lord Warwick's Gwalior	..	.. .. 2
THE WOLVERHAMPTON STAKES OF 25 SOVS EACH, WITH THE TRADESMEN'S PURSE OF 100 SOVS ADDED.		
Sir C. Monck's Glossy, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb	..	.. (Cartwright) 1
Lord Warwick's Yardley, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb	..	.. .. 2
THE LADIES' PURSE OF 50 SOVS.		
Mr. Dawson's Surety, 4 yrs	..	.. (Lye) 1
Mr. Jones's Kolla, 3 yrs	..	.. .. 2

TUESDAY.		
THE PATSHULL HANDICAP OF 15 SOVS EACH, WITH 30 ADDED.		
Mr. Painter's b f by Jerred, 3 yrs, 5st 3lb	..	.. (O. Edwards) 1
Mr. R. Peel's General Notr, 3 yrs, 5st	..	.. .. 2
THE CHILLINGTON STAKES OF 10 SOVS EACH, WITH 50 ADDED.		
Mr. E. Peel's Twig	..	.. (Marlow) 1
Lord G. Bentinck's Cherokee	..	.. .. 2
THE CLEVELAND CUP OF 100 SOVS, WITH 50 ADDED.		
Mr. Ramsay's The Shadow, aged	..	.. (Lye) 1
Mr. Collett's Corranra, 6 yrs	..	.. .. 2
THE BOURNEMOUTH MEMBERS' PLATE OF £60, FOR ALL AGES.		
Mr. Dawson's Surety, 4 yrs	..	.. (Lye) 1
Mr. Wormald's Milpeede, aged	..	.. .. 2

## CRICKET.

The return match between Marylebone (with Pilch given) and Sussex came to a conclusion on Thursday morning, at Brighton, Sussex winning by six wickets. The following is the score at the conclusion of the match:—Sussex, first innings, 265; second innings, 85; Total, 351. Marylebone, first innings, 138; second innings, 212; Total, 350.

## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Advices from Constantinople of July 23 state that on the 12th a dreadful conflagration took place, which reduced nearly the whole of the flourishing town of Ternaia, in Bulgaria, to a heap of ruins.

A return of vessels that have been taken into her Majesty's service under the acts and treaties relating to the slave trade since the 24th of August, 1839, shows that six vessels have been so taken, chiefly Portuguese and Brazilian slavers, the total amount paid for which by the Board of Admiralty was £1532, that is to say for five of the vessels, as the purchase money paid for the sixth is not given.

Accounts from Posen state that tranquillity had been perfectly restored on the 30th ult. The authorities having placarded in the streets copies of the Ordinances of Dec. 30, 1798, and Aug. 17, 1835 (a kind of martial law), concerning persons committing disorders in the public way, the country people, who had come into Posen in great numbers, returned to their homes in great haste, and order was no more disturbed. The troops, however, remained under arms in their barracks, ready to march at a moment's notice. An examination of the persons arrested had commenced.

It is not an uncommon thing for 100,000 railway shares to be sold in one day in the share markets at Leeds. The state lotteries of other times, and the gambling houses of the metropolis, are and were mere bagatelles for "the spirit of adventure," compared with the railway share exchanges.

A Spanish journal states that a short time back, as a dealer in leeches was travelling on a by-road in Estremadura, he was stopped by a band of thieves, who demanded his money. He assured them that he had none about him. Having ascertained that he had told the truth, they in revenge for their disappointment thrust his head into the sack in which he carried his leeches, and bound it tightly round his neck. Some country people passing by not long afterwards found him dead, he having been bled to death by his own stock.

Her Majesty has signified her intention of presenting Lord Glenlyon's body of Highlanders with a set of colours, as a mark of her regard for their enthusiastic loyalty, and in token of her gracious remembrance of the reception which she received on her visit to the Highlands. Lord Glenlyon and his Highlanders attended the Athol gathering at the Bridge of Tilt, last week.

A young sailor of Boulogne, named Fournier, left that place as cabin-boy some four years back. He was found recently on the quay of Liverpool with his tongue cut out, and his arms twisted out of their sockets, and in this condition he was forwarded home to his family. It is said that he witnessed a murder on board, and was thus served in consequence. Neither being able to write nor speak, it is difficult to extract the truth from him.

A letter from Berlin dated July 29, says, "The Austrian Government has lately ordered that travellers arriving from foreign countries are to produce, not only their passports, but their domiciliary certificate. This is a most important measure, the motives for which are probably to be looked for in the Catholic infection, and the introduction of ideas of reform connected with it."

According to accounts from St. Petersburg, the merchants of Archangel and Hologda have received, on their application by the Minister of Finance, permission to seek within the boundaries of Russia for guano, which is found not only in some islands of the South Sea, but on the islands of the White Sea and the Northern Ocean; to collect it and to export it, duty free, from the sea ports of the White Sea.

Captain Drummond, Lieutenant Pitcairne, and Mr. J. Wheatley, of her Majesty's 42nd Regiment, and Lieutenant Norton, of her Majesty's 83rd Regiment, lately resolved on visiting Catania, with a view to ascending Mount Etna. They actually accomplished the distance from Palermo to Catania, over a heavy mountainous country, in 29 hours! On ascending the mountain they found the cold almost insupportable, the thermometer being two degrees below zero. On placing a handkerchief before their mouths, it was actually frozen to their lips.

M. de Brunow, the Russian Ambassador, has recently made some efforts to obtain a reduction of the duty on Russian tallow; but Sir Robert Peel has intimated that it is not his intention to make any change.

A Berlin letter of the 6th inst. says:—"The King and Queen of Prussia have had an escape from a great catastrophe. The ceiling of the Queen's bed chamber, at Stolzenfels, has fallen in. Happily this accident took place in the day time, when no person was in the apartment."

The King of Denmark has just created a new order, consisting of a medal with the King's effigy on one side, with the inscription "Christian VIII.," and on the reverse the words "For Merit," surrounded with an oak wreath. The name of the recipient is to be engraved on the edge.

According to a Vienna letter of the 5th inst., the Emperor of Austria has issued a Cabinet order that no new grant for the formation of railways within the empire, shall be made to private companies until the year 1850. By this period all the railways now in construction must be finished. A June last, the aggregate number of passengers by the Austrian railways was 1,193,000, being 87,000 more than in the corresponding month of last year.

A letter from Madrid, of the 2nd inst. states, that as 2000 convicts were being conducted from Carthagena to the Conde Castle, they were met on the way by a band of robbers, who, after a short struggle, carried off the convicts, and the robbers escaped.

Letters from Frankfort of the 7th, state that the German Diet has voted 100,000 florins for arming the fortresses of Ulm and Rustadt. Prince Metternich had passed through Frankfort on the previous day, on his way to Hamburg.

A letter from Pesth of the 28th ult., gives an account of a frightful inundation of several rivers on the north of Hungary. The great commercial town of Miscoez, which has a population of 20,000, was submerged, the current being sufficiently strong to carry away several houses and other buildings. As the torrent came on in the night, several persons were taken by surprise, and lost their lives. All communication between Pesth and Miscoez was prevented for several days. This calamity happened on the 10th of July, precisely the second anniversary of the conflagration from which Miscoez suffered so severely in 1843.

We have to announce the demise of General Field-Marshal Baron V. Raditzky, President of the Military Commission of the Germanic Confederation, who expired at Frankfort last week.

Mr. John Hickey, of Athlone, died on the 1st inst., at the advanced age of 105 years and six months, having been born in Jan. 1740. This venerable man outlived his wife, who had lived to near 90.

Letters from Damascus of the 9th ult., announce that the Porte recently exiled the two sons of the old Emir, Beschir, and his grandson also; during their escort to the place of their exile they were driven to make some show of resistance to the commands of the escort, and from showing any disposition of disobedience to the Royal mandate, the three unoffending young men were coolly and deliberately shot. Rumour has it, and we believe with some show of truth, that this was pre arranged and ordered by the Porte. The old man is safe for the present, but there is no knowing how soon he may share the same fate.

Lord William Hervey has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the Queen of England to the Court of France during the absence on leave of Lord Cowley.

## ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

EMBEZZLEMENT BY A POST-MISTRESS.—At the Assizes at Warwick, Maria Lewis (whose case we mentioned last week), pleaded guilty to having, as post-mistress of Edgbaston, embezzled various sums, the moneys of the Postmaster-General; and was, in consequence of being recommended to mercy by the Crown, sentenced to the comparatively light punishment of three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

VALLANCE V. THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.—At the Assizes, at Croydon, on Saturday last, a Special Jury cause was tried, Vallance v. the Duke of Brunswick. The action was brought by Mr. Henry Wellington Vallance, formerly the attorney of his Highness the Duke, against the defendant, for having, in the course of a speech made by him at the Sheriff's Court, while conducting a writ of inquiry to assess damages for a libel against him, published in the *Lancaster Guardian*, charged him with treachery, unfaithfulness, and neglect of duty, while he was employed as his attorney. The Duke of Brunswick conducted his own case, and sat at the table occupied by the bar. The defendant pleaded to the action, first not guilty, and secondly, that the statement he had made was true. Sergeant Shee addressed the Jury, and said that his client was a young man; he was admitted an attorney in 1840, and since that period he had carried on his profession with very considerable ability and success. Very soon after that time he had the honour to be introduced to the defendant, and conducted some legal business for him, and the defendant had charged him with having acted, while employed in that capacity, with the grossest treachery and misconduct. Of the defendant, he should wish to say nothing more than was necessary in the conduct of the plaintiff's case, and he was anxious to treat him with all respect and courtesy. He had many claims upon the sympathy of this country. He was nearly allied to the Royal Family, and the services of his Royal father, who lost his life at Waterloo, formed additional claims to their sympathy. The learned counsel referred to the attacks that had been made upon the duke in the *Age* and *Satirist*; the subsequent proceedings taken against him by Bernard Gregory, for having, as was alleged, conspired to prevent him from performing the part of *Hamlet*, and having hissed him off the stage; and the other matters connected with these proceedings, which will be fresh in the recollection of the public; and he went on to say, that during all these proceedings, which were of such vital importance to the honour and character of the duke, Mr. Vallance acted as his solicitor, and evinced a zeal and attachment to his interest, that, on several occasions, called forth commendation from his Royal master, who, during the whole of the important proceedings, placed the utmost confidence in his honour and integrity. About the month of September, 1842, an article appeared in the *Lancaster Guardian*, which represented that the defendant had been taken into custody on suspicion of being one of the swill mob, and with having committed a robbery at the Preston Guild; and the moment the duke saw this article, he instructed Mr. Vallance immediately to bring an action against the *Lancaster Guardian*, and every other paper that had published the libellous article, and proceedings were accordingly commenced against the *Guardian*. Up to this time, the defendant placed the utmost confidence in Mr. Vallance as his professional adviser, and the learned counsel read a letter to that effect, written by the defendant, which concluded by stating, "that after the infamous lies told about him the other day by Shee and Erie, he was determined to be present at every trial in which he was concerned." (The reading of this letter by Sergeant Shee occasioned a good deal of laughter.) He then proceeded to state that a very ample apology was published in the *Lancaster Guardian*, and the proceedings stood over until the autumn of 1843. Somewhere about this time Baron Andlau, who had been the quarry of the duke, left his service, and his place was supplied by a Count de Witts, who, as it subsequently appeared, was no friend to Mr. Vallance. In the month of October, 1843, Mr. Vallance was anxious to have an advance of money from the duke, on account of his costs, and he sent in a bill. At first the duke made no objection to the amount of the bill, and he at once paid a sum of £350 on account, and another interview was appointed, when he was very much surprised to hear that the duke insisted that the charges should be made upon the footing of agency costs, which, in point of fact, amounted to cutting down one-half the amount of the bill. Mr. Vallance refused this proposal, and a few days afterwards he received a notice from the defendant, of his intention to change his attorney. He remonstrated respectfully, but it was of no avail, the only answer he received being a letter from De Witts, referring him to Mr. Grafe, the present attorney of the duke. The bill of Mr. Vallance amounted to £1,600, and, after the most rigid taxation, that sum was only reduced by £214, and the duke allowed Mr. Vallance to be all his costs out of pocket for defending himself against the indictment preferred against him by Bernard Gregory, and in which the duke was included; also his costs incurred in prosecuting the *Satirist* and other papers for publishing the most atrocious libels respecting him and his family, for no other reason as it appeared than his attachment and zeal in the interest of the duke. The learned counsel then went on to say that judgment having been allowed to go by default, his Highness thought fit to appear before the Sheriff's jury that were assembled to assess the amount of damages, and to conduct his own case, and upon that occasion he made the attack upon Mr. Vallance which was the ground of the present action. He then read from the speech the portion of it to which he referred. He first accused Mr. Vallance of being a friend to the *Lancaster Guardian*, and with having done all in his power, while acting as his attorney, to prevent him from going on with the proceedings against this paper, and that at length, being out of patience, he had discharged him. The speech went on to say—"I protest against any one of the accusations made by Vallance to his friend at my expense. I could only discharge him when I found out that he intended to sacrifice me." The learned counsel then referred to other parts of the speech, wherein he charged the plaintiff, Mr. Vallance, with leaguely with the defendant to impede him in prosecuting the action, and also with shuffling with him to occasion delay, and which he said had had the effect of inducing some persons to believe that there was really some truth in the charge made against him. The learned counsel proceeded to state that Mr. Vallance did not even know the defendant in that action by sight; and after commenting upon the very serious character of the accusation thus made against a gentleman in the position of an attorney, whose very existence depended upon his character for honour and integrity, he concluded by stating that he should proceed to prove the necessary facts, and he called upon the jury to give exemplary damages against the defendant. Several witnesses were called in support of this statement, and the case was then adjourned till Monday.—On that day it was proceeded with, when the plaintiff's case was concluded.—The Duke of Brunswick addressed the jury, and, in a somewhat ingenious speech, contended, in the first instance, that the matter charged as libellous was not so in reality. He then said that upon the inquiry before the Sheriff, he was compelled to give some excuse for the delay that had taken place; and he stated so to the jury, and for this he was called upon to answer an action for libel. Mr. Vallance, who had been slow formerly, was quick enough in his own case, for the speech in question was only made on the 5th of June, and he had got the case down for trial at these assizes. He then went on to say that the bill which had been referred to was a most improper and unreasonable one, and but for that, Mr. Vallance would have still been his attorney. Because, however, he refused to pay it, Mr. Vallance kept his papers, and had put him to great inconvenience, and he now sought to obtain more money from him by means of this action.—Chief Justice Tindal having summed up, the jury retired. They were absent about half an hour, when they returned into Court, finding a verdict for the plaintiff.—Damages £200.

CONVICTION FOR BURGLARY.—John Bratt Thomas Perry, and Frederick Gray, were charged, at Warwick, with breaking into the dwelling house of Miss Mary Chambers, at Radway, on 16th December. On the night in question the prosecutrix retired to bed at about half past nine o'clock, and at two o'clock the following morning was awake by the prisoners, two of whom were armed with pistols. They told her they had come for money, and money they would have, or they would blow her brains out. They afterwards went down stairs, and regaled themselves, and carried off every article of value they were able to remove. The jury, having retired for a short time, found the prisoners "Guilty." Mr. Justice Maule said, he might have sentenced them to transportation for life, but, as they did not commit any violence upon Miss Chambers, he should mitigate the punishment to 15 years' transportation. The prisoners left the dock, protesting their innocence.

## PANORAMA OF THE RHINE.

As the most comprehensive Illustration of her Majesty's progress up the Rhine, we have engraved the annexed Panoramic representation of the main beauties of this majestic river, the artistic *coup d'œil* extending from the ancient city of COLOGNE to the STOLZENFELS, a palace of the King of Prussia. We subjoin a few descriptive notes:—

Cologne ranks as the chief among the cities on the borders of the Rhine, both in extent and as regards the splendour and variety of its architectural monuments. Its celebrated cathedral is one of the most magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. Besides the Cathedral, which contains the tomb of the Three Kings, Cologne can boast of eleven other religious edifices, each more or less distinguished for its architectural beauty, or the magnificence of its internal decorations, the most remarkable among them, however, being that of St. Ursula, from its connexion with the well known legend of the eleven thousand virgins. Cologne is a manufacturing city of some importance, but the one among its productions that has attained the widest celebrity, is the famed Eau de Cologne of Jean Maria Farina. Opposite to Cologne, and connected with it by its bridge of boats, is Deutz, a pleasant little town, distinguished for its hotels and public gardens.

Leaving Cologne on a passage up the Rhine, the first place reached is the village of Rodenkirchen, situated on the same bank of the stream. On the opposite shore is Niederrundorf, which is followed by the Lungel, a large village that formerly lay close to the water's edge, but through the union of an adjoining island with the main land, is now situated some distance from the shore. Opposite to it is Surt, where many of the merchants of Cologne have their country houses, the distance between the two places being comparatively short, and the scenery along the road lively and pleasing. Further on is Godorf, fifteen miles from whence, inland, is the famous Castle of Bensberg, formerly the country residence of the Electors Palatine. Beyond is Ober and Niederwessling, the latter famous for its leather manufactory; and higher up on the other bank is Lulsdorf, with its ancient church, and the ruins of a castle where in former times a toll was collected from all passing mariners journeying up or down the stream. Niedercassel is next reached, which is followed by Urfel; then comes Widdig, and higher up on the opposite shore is the village of Rheidt. Uedorf succeeds, and some few miles further on is Hersel. Not one among the above string of Rhine villages is more distinguished than its fellow.

The next point reached of any importance is Graurheindorf, a large village, whose inhabitants have the right of citizenship of the town of Bonn; there was formerly a convent of nuns, which has now become converted into a farm. Some short distance from the village is an ancient castle, called the Burg, and close by the Marbach, a tributary stream flows into the Rhine. Beuel is next arrived at, and is soon followed by Bonn, a large town containing between twelve and fourteen thousand inhabitants, celebrated for its University, the seat of learning at which Prince Albert received his education, and distinguished as being the birth place of Beethoven. It is here that the Beethoven festival was held, in a hall built for the occasion.

Kessenich succeeds Bonn; Oberassel is next reached, and on the opposite bank is Dettendorf, Friesdorf; and Godesberg, with the ruins of its magnificent castle crowning an adjoining height. Nieder Dettendorf and Ober Dettendorf are soon passed, and following these is Konigswinter. The "Castled Crag of Drachenfels" is now distinctly seen, rising up a short distance from this village. The Drachenfels, the steepest of the seven mountains, which are passed one after the other in rapid succession, takes its name from a cavern on the river side, which, according to the legend of the place, was the abode of a fiery dragon, who was slain by the Knight Siegfried; Honner, celebrated for its copper and iron mines, is succeeded by the ruins of the Castle of Rolandseck, said to have been built by Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. This is the brave Roland whose romantic story has furnished the theme for more than one ballet in most European languages. Close by, on the opposite island, is the Convent of Nonnwerth (now, alas! a fashionable hotel), where his lady love, the beauteous Hildegard, on the receipt of the false tidings of her lover's death at Roncivellas, took the veil and bade adieu to the world for ever.

Rheinbreitbach is a large and wealthy village, surrounded by ruined castles and towers, and formerly deriving great importance from its continuity to the famous copper mines of Bernberg and Marienberg, the largest of which has become inundated by the river, and is no longer worked.

Unkel is next approached, and then comes Remagen; afterwards Erpel, with its basaltic mountain, called Erpeler Ley. This is succeeded by Linz, a trading town of some extent, which also boasts its feudal castle. Opposite is Sinzig, lying inland, a mile and a half distant from the Rhine, chiefly remarkable for its ancient nunnery. Close at hand is the valley of the Ahr, celebrated for the wine of that name. Leubsdorf is followed by Honningen, near to which is the Castle of Argensch, one of the few on the banks of the Rhine now habitable. Nieder Breisig, noted for its remains of an establishment of the Knights Templars, is next approached; and is succeeded by Burg Rheineck, with its castle (erected lately, by a learned professor, on the site of a more imposing structure) crowning a lofty height opposite to the Reuterlei.

Higher up the stream is the village of Brohl on the one bank, and that of Rheinbrohl on the opposite shore. Beyond is Hammerstein, whose castle was taken and retaken at various times by the contending armies that ravaged Germany during the thirty years' war. Leudesdorf, an unimportant village, is succeeded by the ancient town of Andernach, which was once a free city of the empire, and a place of considerable commerce. It is still enclosed within its ancient walls, and contains numerous remarkable edifices, many of which are well preserved. Village upon village are now seen following one another in quick succession, between which the ruins of the Castle of Friedrichstein, abutting close upon the water's edge, may be observed. The important town of Neuwied, which next presents itself to notice, is chiefly remarkable for its handsome palace, usually occupied by one of the Royal Princes of Prussia; this is followed by the village of Weisenthurm, that takes its name from the old German watch tower still existing, in good state of preservation, at the extremity of the village.

On an eminence to the left stands an unfinished monument raised in memory of General Hoche, who effected the passage of the Rhine at this spot with his troops, the veterans of the Sambre and Meuse, on the 18th of April, 1797, in sight of the assembled Austrian army, who were unable to oppose his progress.

Engers boasts a modern castle, erected on the foundations of the famous structure reared by the Archbishop of Treves many centuries since. Sayn, too, has its castles—one in ruins, the other a commodious mansion, with a splendid park and a gallery of choice paintings. Bendorf has its iron mines and smelting furnaces, and Kesselheim its castle and convent. Niederwerth boasts the remains of the ancient hunting-seat of the Electors of Treves, and is celebrated as having been the place of meeting between Henry III. of England and Lewis the Bavarian, in the fourteenth century. Valendar, an industrious town, full of manufactories of one kind or another, is followed pretty thickly by villages of more or less importance; the chief among which is Neuwied, the halting-place for those immense timber rafts which are transmitted down the Rhine to Holland.

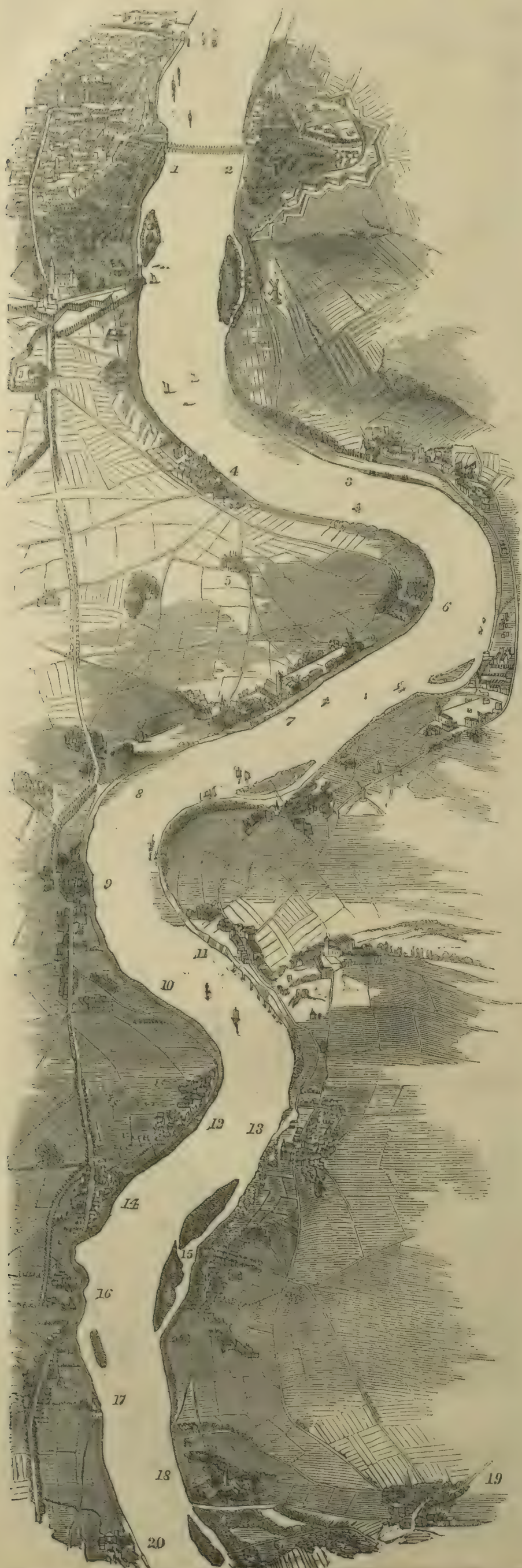
On the opposite bank is the town of Ehrenbreitstein, joined to Coblenz by a bridge of boats 435 paces in length; and, covering the face and summit of an immense rock, which overhangs the broad and rapid-flowing river, is the famous fortress of the same name. Opposite will be noticed the stone bridge that crosses the Moselle, whose waters here mingle with the Rhine. Coblenz is next arrived at—a fortified town of some extent, with 15,000 inhabitants, divided into what is called the old and new towns; the one, as may be expected, irregularly built, with few pretensions to architectural neatness. The new or Clement's town is of a different character. Its chief square is planted with alleys of trees, and ornamented with a handsome fountain in the centre. In this square stands the Electoral Palace, now converted to military purposes. The fortifications around Coblenz are most extensive, but no stranger is permitted to view the interior of them—he must content himself with the sight from without. Coblenz contains many handsome churches and public buildings, such as the Town House, the Court of Justice (which is the birth place of Prince Metternich), the Old Mart, &c. A few paces from the Andernach-road stands a monument to the French General Marmont.

Nearly opposite Coblenz, is the agreeable village of Pfaffendorf, much frequented by holiday folk from the surrounding neighbourhood, who resort thither in parties, to view the country seat and grounds, and fine collection of paintings of the late Canon Umscheidt, and drink their Moselle and Seltzer water.

The Island of Oberwerth is next reached, and following this is Horheim. On the opposite bank is the ancient Castle of Stolzenfels, the restoration of which, commenced in the year 1836 by the present King of Prussia, has recently been completed. Here it is that the Queen of England takes up her residence for several days. Of all the feudal castles on the Rhine, this enjoys the finest situation; the prospect on all sides is most beautiful, extending up the river as far as the valley of the Dinkholder spring. Opposite, the eye takes in the beautiful valley of the Lahn; and, down the stream, the city of Coblenz, its bridge of boats, and the renowned fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, with the mountains of Andernach stretching far away in the distance.

THE LATE SESSION.—From the official records issued by order of both Houses of Parliament, it appears that no fewer than 600 different documents, either in the form of reports and blue books (some extending to upwards of 1,000 folio pages each), or returns, statistical or otherwise, were directed to be printed by the House of Commons alone during the last Session. No fewer than 22 reports, returns, &c., were moved for or presented in the House of Commons only on the last day of the Session. The House of Lords sat during the late Session 95 days; and the House of Commons 125. The official records of the proceedings of the former occupy 1,043 pages; those of the lower House of Parliament 2,075 pages, the last two of which contain 16 notices of motions, which now stand in the order book of that House "for the next Session." There were altogether 170 divisions during the past Session in the House of Commons.

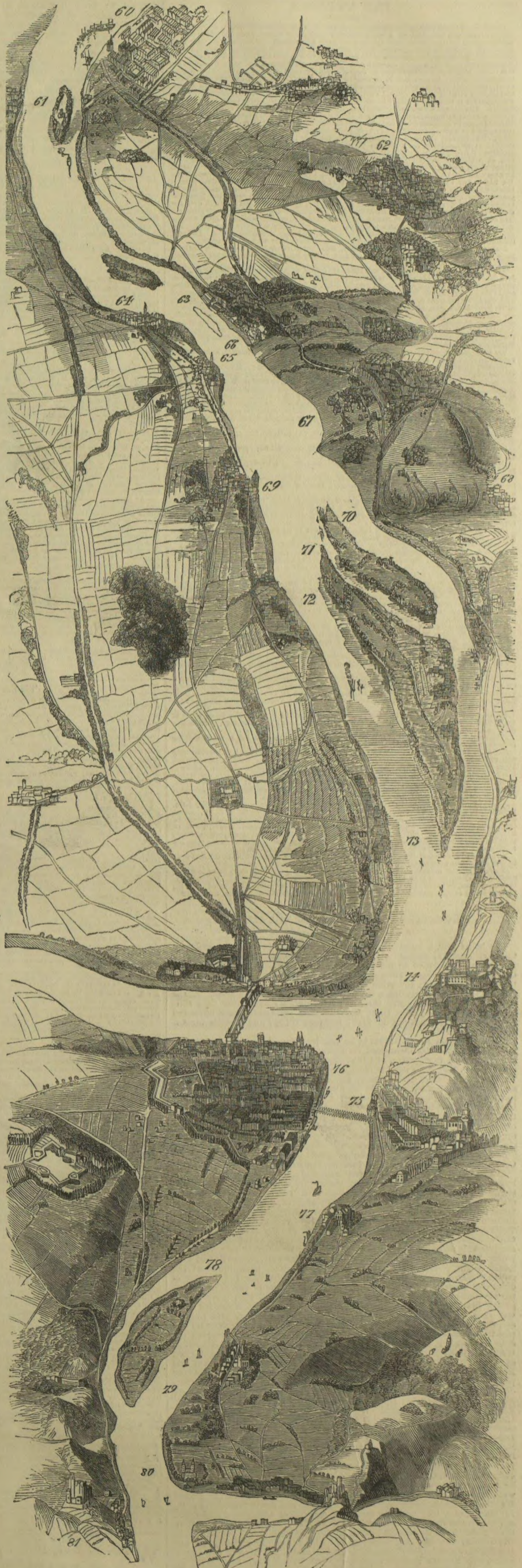
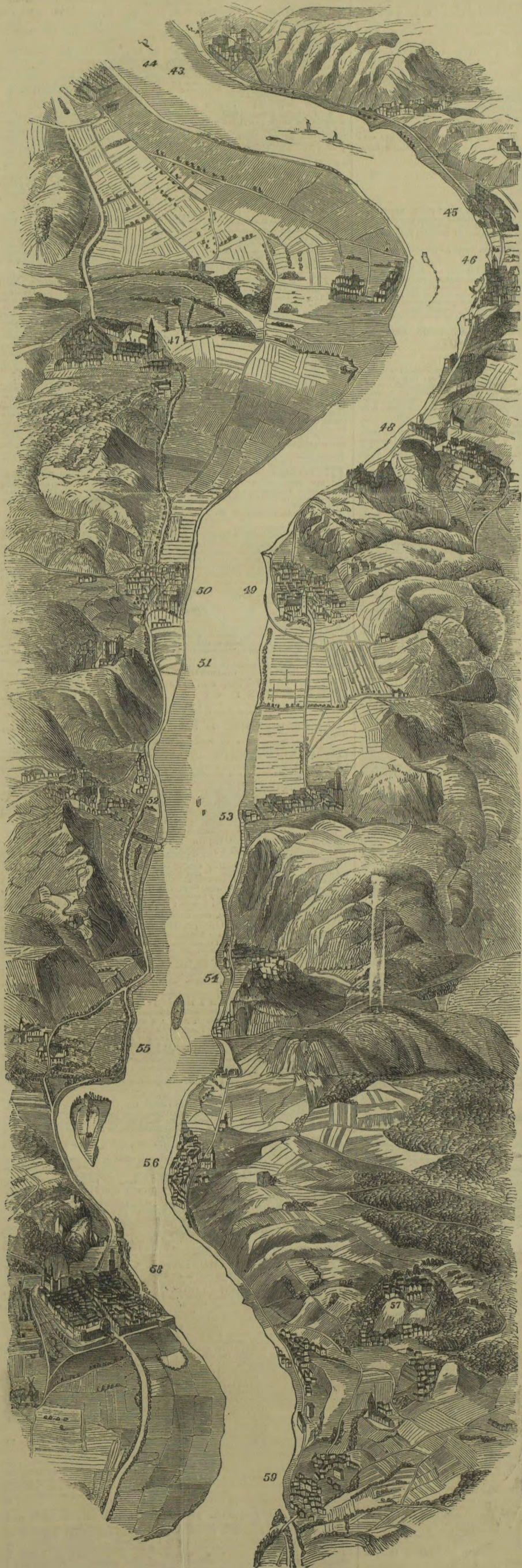
P A N O R A M A O F T H E R H I N E .



1 Coblentz 2 Duts 3 Westhofen 4 Bodenkirchen 5 Schillingenrode 6 Weiss 7 Surt 8 Goll.  
9 Unt. Wessling 10 Ober Wessling 11 Lohndorf 12 Urfel 13 Niedercassel 14 Widdig  
15 Rheidt 16 Uedert 17 Herel 18 Mondorf 19 Bergheim 20 Grauhelndorf

21 Schwarzhelndorf 22 Bonn 23 Beuel 24 Eschenich 25 Kessenich 26 Flittersdorf 27 Obercassel 28 Godesberg 29 Godesberg Castle  
30 Ringsdorf 31 Ober-Dollendorf 32 Konigswinter 33 Drachenfels Castle 34 Mehlem 35 The Seven Mountains 36 Polardreck  
37 Convent of Nonningwerth 38 Oberwinter 39 Rheinbreitbach 40 Scheuern 41 Unkelbach 42 Unke

PANORAMA OF THE RHINE.



43 ERFEL 44 REMAGEN 45 Linzerhausen 46 LIRE 47 SINGEL 48 Leubsdorf 49 Honnloger 50 NIEDER BRISIG 51 Burg Rheineck 52 Brohl 53 Rheinbrohl 54 Harmerstein Castle 55 NAMED 56 Lendendorf 57 Hullenberg 58 ANDERNACH 59 Irlich 60 NEUWIED 61 Weissenthurm 62 Heimbach 63 Engers 64 Urmitz 65 Kalten Engers 66 Muhlhofen 67 BENDORF 68 Weitersberg 69 Sebastian Engers 70 Island of Graswerth 71 Island of Niederwerth 72 Kesselheim 73 Wallersheim 74 Castle of Ehrenbreitstein 75 EHRENBREITSTEIN 76 COBLENZ 77 Pfaffendorf 78 Island of Oberwerth 79 Horchheim 80 NIDELAHNSTEIN 81 STOLLENFELS



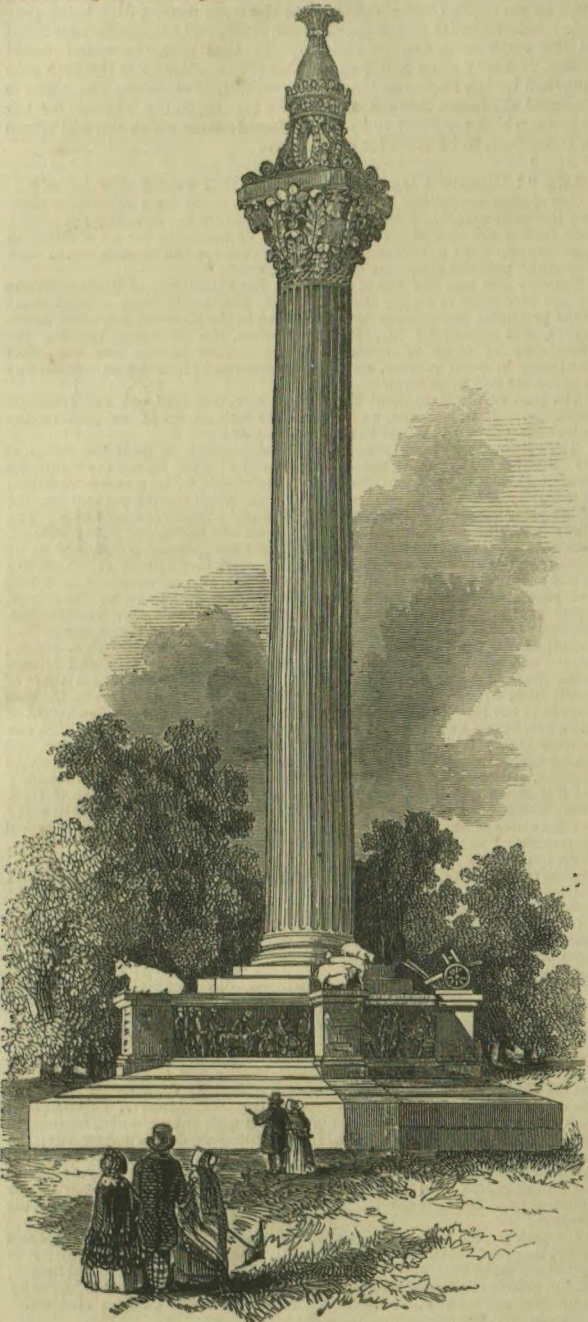
The ceremony of laying the stone being over, the whole of the company heeled round the wing to the south front of the mansion, where, upon a mall plain, protected at the back by a noble plantation of trees, was erected noble marquee, of the largest dimensions and most elegant shape, from the manufactory of Mr. B. Edgington, of the Borough, and seven other arques and tents of smaller dimensions, from the summits of which waved the flags and banners of England and the various Powers of Europe. He bands now struck up a merry tune, and first of all about a thousand ladies and gentlemen, or perhaps fifteen hundred, for so great was the concourse that we could with difficulty count numbers, entered the large marquee, in which were arranged tables covered with all sorts of refreshments; pines, grapes of the finest growth, and a supply of champagne and other wines such as the most liberal and most elegant hospitality knows how to provide. Some idea may be formed of the appearance of the tables, the banquet, and the number of guests first admitted, when it is stated that the marquee measured in length 154 feet, by 36 feet in breadth, and that the floor tents were 44 feet long, by 20 feet broad, and that these were completely filled. In addition to this feast, all the stonemasons, &c., were regaled with a substantial dinner, beneath another tent especially prepared for them. As soon as the *élite* of the company had concluded their *déjeuner* if so it could be called—which was about five o'clock, the whole of them assembled in the Park were admitted to the tables, and farmer, yeoman, assistants, with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, were regaled to their heart's content on the best and most ample supply of viands.

"Then satad Hunger bids his brother Thirst  
Produce the mighty bowl;"

and for several hours a fresh and fresh succession of guests partook of the

noble entertainer's good cheer with most unflinching pertinacity of purpose and unwearied good humour.

Great credit is due to Mr. Salmon, Lord Leicester's house steward, to whose excellent arrangements the whole of this vast assembly was indebted for all these good things, and the manner in which they were prepared and served. Everybody was satisfied: though hundreds after hundreds had to be attended to, nobody was forgotten or overlooked. There was no confusion and no dissatisfaction; indeed, so profuse was the entertainment, that enough remained, after all had partaken, to supply a very large banquet, if such a thing had been required.

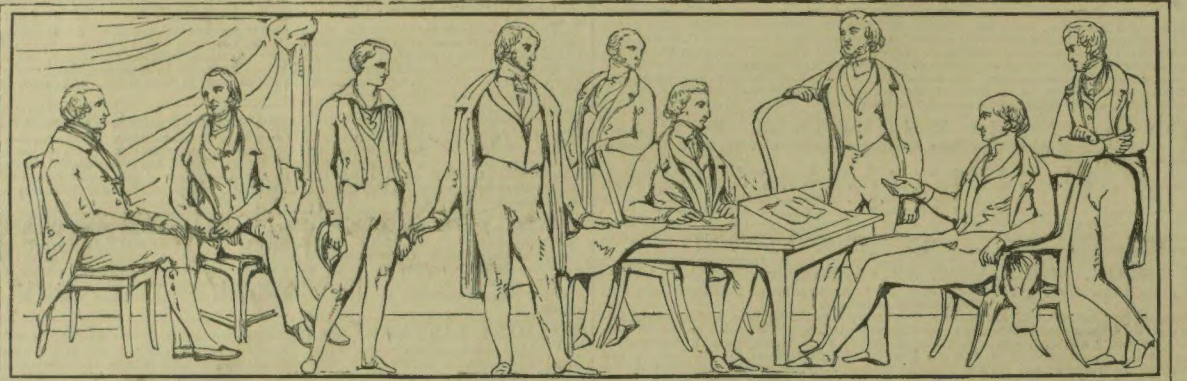


MONUMENT TO THE LATE EARL OF LEICESTER, AT HOLKHAM.

The company amused themselves with listening to the music of the bands, promenading the grounds, and admiring the beauty of the scenery in the park till dusk, when they retired. The noble Earl entertained Lords Colborne and Hastings and a small select party of friends to dinner in the house. The scene, on leaving the park, was curious and characteristic of



1. William Beck, Esq. 2. The late Earl of Leicester. 3. The late Duke of Bedford.  
LORD LEICESTER SUPERINTENDING THE IMPROVEMENT OF MARSHY OR BOGGY LAND.



1. Mr. Bloomfield. 2. Mr. Overman. 3. Mr. Hudson, jun. 4. Mr. Hudson, sen. 5. Sir W. Foster, Bart. 6. The present Earl of Leicester. 7. The late Earl of Leicester. 8. Mr. Blackie  
LORD LEICESTER PRESENTING A FREE LEASE TO THE GRANDSON OF HIS TENANT, MR. HUDSON.



1. Mr. Grander. 2. Mr. Leaman. 3. Sir W. Folke. 4. Lord Colborne. 5. Earl Spencer. 6. Duke of Richmond. 7. Late Earl of Leicester.

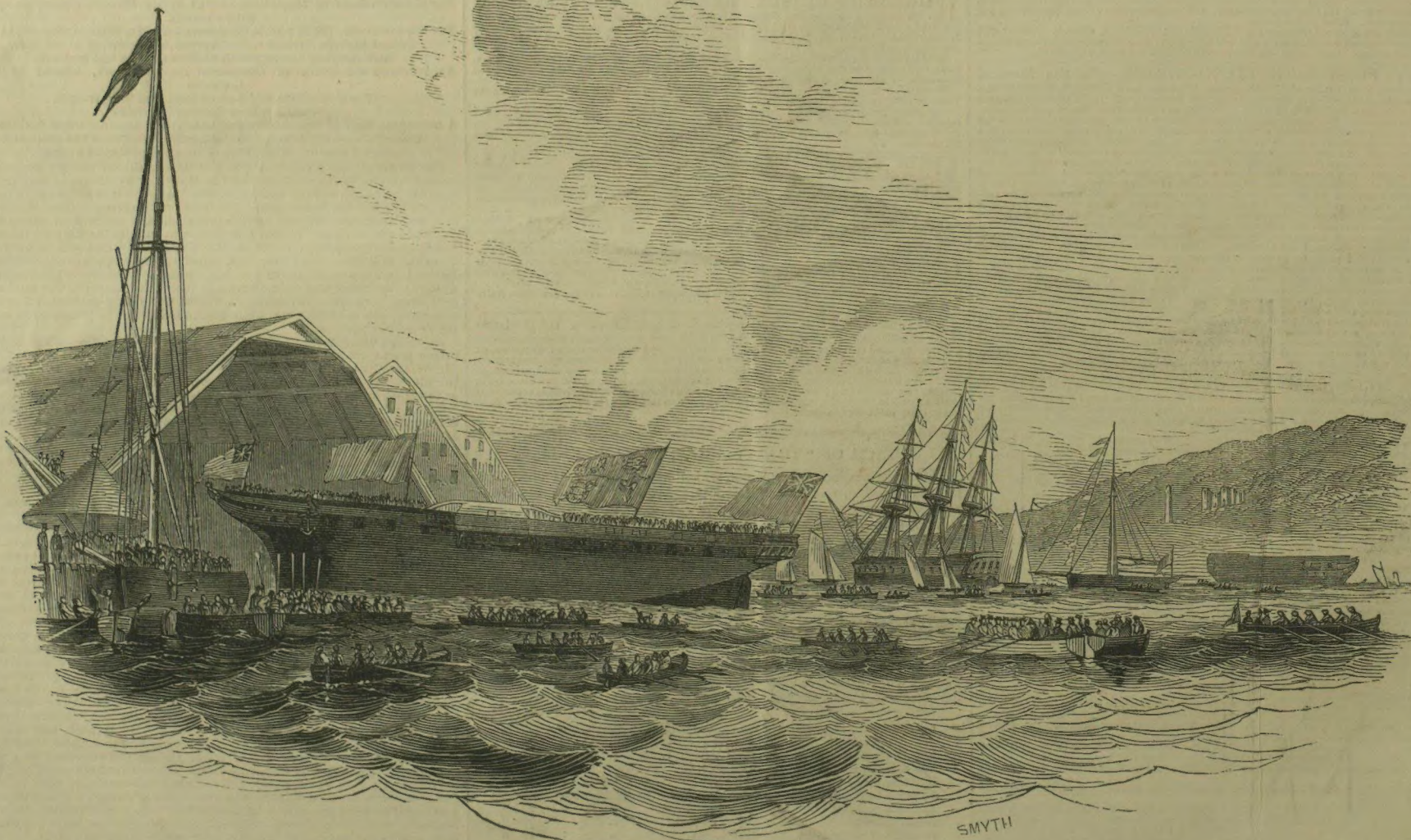
LORD LEICESTER SHOWING HIS IMPROVED BREED OF SHEEP TO THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE

English manners, and more particularly of the manners of remote rural districts. There were everywhere groups of merry-makers; there were rustic vocalists tuning their somewhat harsh voices to country ditties; some were playing horns (and if they produced little that was melodious there was enough that was noisy); there was the usual portion of what the poet has called—

“Gallantry robust,”

and many a country belle was chased about the outskirts of the park by many a sylvan swain. Yet there was no drunkenness, or little to be complained of. Good humour was the order of the day and of the night, as the carts, waggons, and wains carried their joyous loads of merry-makers to Norwich, Cromer, Holt, Burnham Market and Burnham Thorpe, Snettisham, Walsingham, Swaffham, Fakenham, Castleacre, Deerham, North and South Creek, Rainham, Brandon, and scores of other places. In the little

sea-port town of Wells, which is about a mile from the park gate of Holkham, all was bustle and animation. Here were the head-quarters of those who had come too far a-field to return home the same night; and as there were many such, mine host of the Crown and his assistants had no sinecure to attend to the wants of his guests. Never, perhaps, did this little sea-port look so lively and so gay; the inn yards were filled with carriages, and the stables with horses; ostlers and helpers running about in all directions, and as much or more to do than even relays of extra men and beasts could well perform. The game in the park were certainly amongst the animals who were not a little astonished at the proceedings of the day; hares were running about in all directions, “frighted from their propriety,” and one of these poor creatures became so entangled in the groups of the cavalcade, that he was actually caught by hand, and conveyed, alive and “kicking,” to the mansion.



SMYTH

LAUNCH OF “THE AVENGER,” STEAM-FRIGATE, AT DEVONPORT.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.